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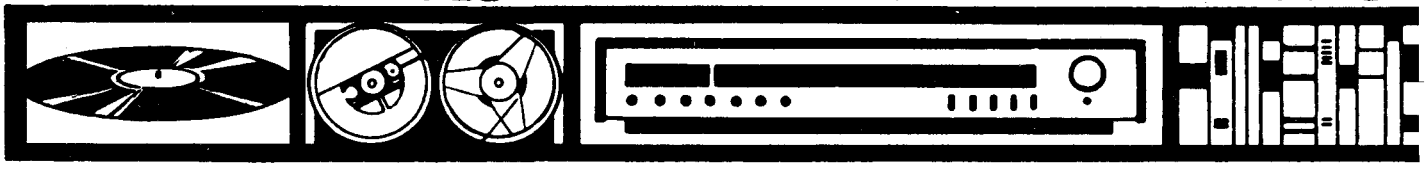

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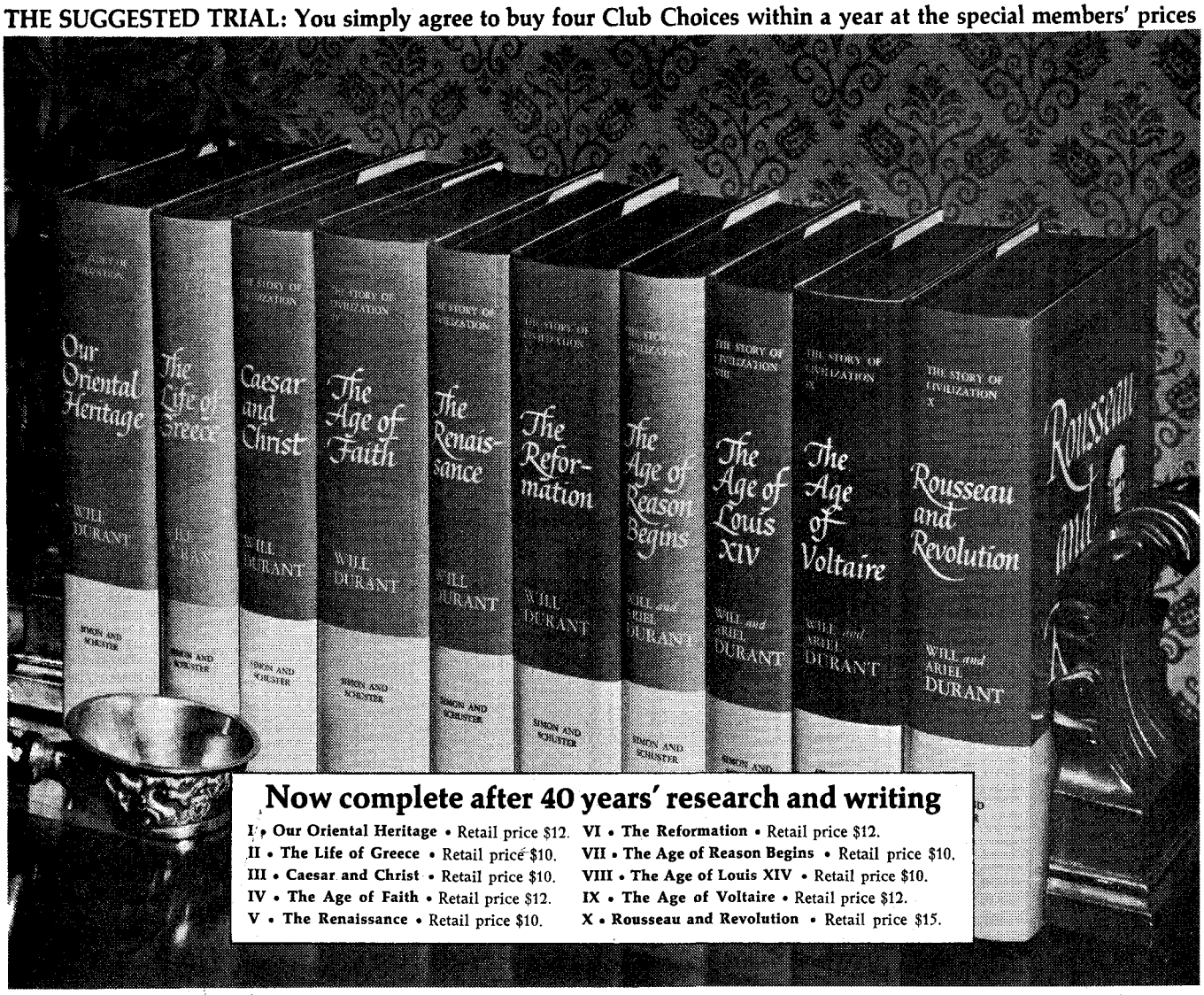


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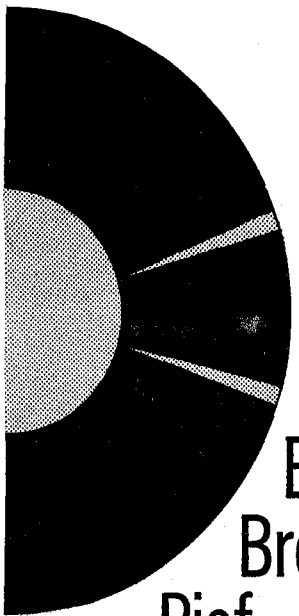

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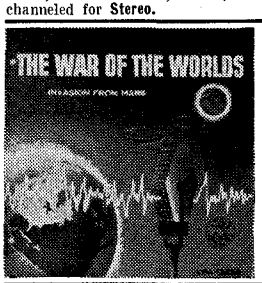


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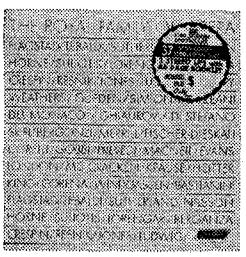

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# T.R.B. from Washington

*Nixon's Allies*

★ Richard Nixon, the Man without Magic, is now President. There is no Pedernales. There is no Camelot. He has picked a Cabinet of Nixons; they are committed to respectability and the status quo. He has a Democratic Congress and is a minority winner. Who knows; he may make a good President.

As to politics we have little doubt which way Mr. Nixon will go; he will try to demolish the old FDR Democratic coalition and create one of his own. His wrecking ball in 1968 shook the FDR coalition but knocked out only one segment, the South. Of 13 Southern states Mr. Humphrey got only one, Texas, and that by only 39,000 votes. (Ironically, Southern Democrats still control the major Congressional committees by the troika of seniority, chairmanships and the filibuster: the situation mocks democracy and defies reason. It can't last if the South ever gets a genuine two-party system.)

So Mr. Nixon on the political front will try to win two allies, we imagine. First – the South. He has already begun this by an alliance with Strom Thurmond, by picking Spiro Agnew, and by hinting that he will soften enforcement of the public-school desegregation guidelines. (Maybe he can woo a Negro to serve in a high Administration post under these circumstances, but it will be difficult.)

The other Nixon ally would be the ten million people who voted for George Wallace. This is really sociology, not politics. There is a big segment in the US class structure that starts just above the poverty line and includes lower-middle class incomes. It rises from the so-called near-poor to the median family income of around $8,000. This group is bitterly alienated. Federal billions go to the ghetto; not to it. It's the stepchild of relief, it feels, and it has genuine grievances.

This group is ready to bolt. It is looking around for a new leader, and this is true, not only from the five Southern states which Wallace carried but from the row-house suburbs round the country. It should be noted that Pat Moynihan, Mr. Nixon's new urbanologist, is well aware of the lower-middle class problem. He ardently backs federal income maintenance through children's allowances, for example. The so-called baby bonus would be paid the near-poor as well as the poor. "Any serious effort at income redistribution on a national scale," Moynihan says, "has almost got to seek forms that will emphasize the unities of the problem rather than the disunities."

There you have it. A bold move or two by Mr. Nixon could wrap up a political coalition of Southern whites, the status quo American middle class, and the pro-George Wallace, alienated near-poor. In one form or another we suspect that Mr. Nixon will try this; it would be a tough combination to beat.

*Dearer than Vietnam*

★ No President in modern times has come to office with so little known about his views; a situation that Mr. Nixon will remedy shortly. We see one problem that will begin almost at once. It starts dramatically.

Out of nowhere one day the surprised residents of Lynnfield-Wakefield, Mass., saw uniformed men with trucks breaking down fences and overrunning valuable property where children played. When they angrily protested, they were told that they were being guarded against China. China? Yes, the incredulous people were told, this was the first of 16 double installations, to cost $5 billion over 5 years, to set up a "thin" anti-missile screen to knock out any warheads Communists in China might aim at Boston. Most of the stunned local people had heard nothing about it. "The military came in the most clandestine manner," a native told an interviewer from PBL-TV (which recently put on a brilliant 90-minute documentary on the expanding military-industrial complex).

Johnson and McNamara recommended the "thin" system and Congress voted it, without hearings. Inhabitants of Lynnfield had the helpless feeling of people unable to control their government or even to have a say.

Now the toe is in the door for a big ABM system that will cost anywhere from $50 to $200 billion. Many scientists think it will be worthless. Mr. McNamara opposed it. The brass, however, wants it. One thing it will be in any case, if Mr. Nixon can't work out an agreement with Russia: it will be the armaments race literally and actually to end all armaments races; that is, till we go back to stone axes.

It will take more money than the Vietnam war. It will send Nixon's finances, we guess, into a tailspin. It will come up in Congress fairly quickly; this time Senators Proxmire and Percy guarantee to have it argued out. Some think Mr. Johnson gave the go to the thin system to head off Mr. Nixon's campaign talk about a "serious missile gap." White House scientific consultant Jerome Wiesner said, "I think we ought to regard the Sentinel (thin system) as a bad joke perpetrated by Mr. McNamara and Mr. Johnson on us in an election year."

Did you ever think what a billion dollars is? – it would pay for all the 140 Model Cities programs to rebuild slums; it would build 500 brand-new grade schools; it would subsidize housing for a million families. The Pentagon wants a lot of those billions for ABM. The decision is hurtling right at President Nixon, with the biggest lobby in Washington, the military-industrial complex, behind it. The MIC is for the ABM. In a showdown between MIC and school children we wouldn't bet on the kids.

*Oh, Laird!*

★ As a Congressman, Melvin Laird, the new Secretary of Defense, proposed "limited nuclear reprisals" against the Soviets if they encroached on Western territories. He said we should let Moscow know we would strike first with nuclear weapons if it came to a showdown. This tough talk is in Laird's little-known 1962 book, "A House Divided – America's Strategy Gap." Today he says merely that we are in a period of negotiations. The Pentagon should love Laird.

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# Ivan the Arab

One of the Nixon Administration's first jobs is to try to discover what Soviet intentions are in the Middle East. The Israeli view is that the Russians hope to cozen Nixon into a "settlement" that will be merely a cloak for further Arab onslaughts on the Jewish state. On December 30, the Soviet government delivered to Secretary of State Dean Rusk and others a diplomatic note containing suggestions for ending the conflict. The Israeli government has rejected those proposals. Like most diplomatic documents, the Russian note is highly ambiguous. It is altogether vague on whether Russia expects the Arab countries to give binding commitments to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Israel; ditto whether the Israelis are expected to return to the unsatisfactory armistice lines that existed before the Arabs lost the short summer war of 1967; ditto whether Israeli ships would be guaranteed freedom of passage in both the Straits of Tiran and the Suez Canal.

The Israelis aren't going to budge nor should they be pressured to do so, from their current "what we have we hold" position, until they receive firm assurance on at least those basic issues. On the first point, the Israelis cling to President Johnson's statement of June 19, 1967: "Clearly the parties to the conflict must be the parties to the peace. Sooner or later, it is they who must make a settlement in the area. It is hard to see how it is possible for nations to live together in peace if they cannot learn to reason together." What is harder still to see, is whether the Russians have come round to that position or a similar one, or if they are still barking up the old Arab tree and backing Arab demands that the Israelis retreat to the pre-1967 armistice line before there can be discussion about what comes next. Some of the Soviet note's wording seems to imply that the Arab countries should renounce belligerency by formal written agreements, and that everyone should respect "recognized" boundaries. What boundaries? Overall, the Soviets emphasize agreement between the US and the USSR on the terms of a Middle East settlement, which would then be imposed by the big powers on the "parties to the conflict," rather than the latter learning "to reason together." Finally, the Russians support the principle of free navigation in international waterways – no doubt with the Dardanelles very much on their minds – without specifying that this should also apply to the Suez Canal.

It's natural for the Israelis to be suspicious of any Soviet proposals, let alone these. Somewhat less reasonably, they fear that an agreement will be reached over their heads between the two super

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powers that may compel them to give up territory, but will relieve the Arabs of any obligation to sit down with Israel and work out a genuine, durable settlement. They say that such a fake settlement inevitably runs into trouble. For instance if the Arabs again behave as Nasser did when he suddenly ordered the United Nations teams out of border areas in June 1967, the world would find that "the seeds of a Berlin situation have been transplanted into the Middle East." Instead of big-power agreement, there would be dangerous big-power confrontation.

These apprehensions are understandable, although they may not tell the whole story. The Israelis contend that the Russian proposals seriously undermine the work of Gunnar Jarring, Middle East representative of the United Nations, who has not yet managed to get the two sides together. According to the US Ambassador to the UN, J. R. Wiggins, however, who has been talking to Russian diplomats, the Soviet note is an effort to explore what Moscow and Washington might do to help, not displace Jarring. Wiggins adds that it is Israel, more than the Arabs, that has circumscribed Jarring's endeavors. As far as big-power confrontation is concerned, there's no reason to think the Russians want it. Still less that they are deliberately going out of their way to bring it about in the Middle East.

To find out what is on the Kremlin's mind, the new Administration will have to put further questions to Moscow, a process that Mr. Johnson's reply to the Soviet note, last week, only began. It may be a long process. The Russians are coy and dilatory about revealing their hand, whatever the game. Israel does not threaten the survival of neighboring Arab states. Peace among them would open the way for a solution of the toughest problem of all, the future of Palestinians who are homeless refugees.

*The wolves gather*

But time is pressing. The Russians have rearmed the Arabs since the 1967 war. Britain has promised rockets to Jordan. General de Gaulle offers to help defend Lebanon, and to spite Israel has again torn a leaf from General Eisenhower's book of 1956. That was the year of Suez, and the US withheld vital oil supplies from France and Britain, because these two old allies had joined Israel against Egypt. Now, incensed by the Israeli attack on Beirut airport, De Gaulle has cut off the flow of military spare parts for Israel. Earlier, he had refused to hand over Mirage fighter-bombers for which Israel had already paid. (The Israelis complained last week that De Gaulle never returned their money.) Israel probably can get helicopter spares, and even Mirages elsewhere, perhaps from Belgium or South Africa or both. Moreover, Israel almost certainly can have nuclear warheads by next year, which is one reason for saying that time is running out fast.

The preamble to the Russian note of December 30 called for establishment of "a just and lasting peace in the Middle East enabling every state in the area to live in security." No one would quarrel with that. How to get it is another matter. The Israelis did not fight a war 19 months ago for *lebensraum*. But they did acquire territory, including strategic points that give them more military security than they had before It's a safe bet the Israelis aren't going to surrender those places, except in exchange for hard and fast assurances from the Arabs. On this crucial point the Soviet note is not encouraging, on its face. Its first paragraph calls for a withdrawal of Israeli forces from the occupied Arab territories. The second paragraph talks of "secure and recognized boundaries accompanied by relevant maps." According to Ambassador Wiggins, Soviet officials he spoke with at the UN hinted that the reason the note mentions maps is that the Russians envisage a settlement that would leave Israel in possession of some of the strategic points gained in 1967. Assuming the Russians have made such a 180-degree switch – and it's a breathtaking assumption – could they persuade the Arabs, who have never consented even to sit at a conference table with Israel?

One question the Soviet note leaves untouched is who is to bind El Fatah, the Arab terrorist organization, even supposing the Arab states and Israel do manage to reach some agreement. Arab commandos have vowed to continue fighting. El Fatah's existence raises the whole issue of the west bank of the Jordan A Palestinian west bank might find economic viability

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in a federation with Jordan, but would present Israel with new security problems.

The Soviet note suggests that Gunnar Jarring is the man to bring the two sides together – but not in the same room, literally face to face. That, it seems, would cost the Arabs too much "face." The Soviet intent is that this country and Russia be the chief architects of accommodation, with Jarring as the intermediary, laying the plan before the Middle East parties separately. If they agreed to it, they would communicate their assent not directly to one another, but to the UN Security Council, through Jarring. That procedure seems unacceptable to Israel. It is not only cumbersome; it bypasses the key question. Are the Arabs willing to recognize Israel's right to exist?

# The Conservationist

All the Senate requires to confirm the nomination of Walter J. Hickel as Secretary of the Interior are a few sanctimonious words about conservation. Mr. Hickel was glad to supply them to the Interior Committee last week. When he said he opposed "conservation for conservation's sake," he was only thinking of those "millions and millions of board feet of timber" rotting in Alaska. He is in Beauty's corner. He is a great believer in king salmon, musk-oxen and wolverines. No, he is not in the oil business, he's in the gas-pipeline business, which he would get out of if the Committee wished.

The Sierra Club's executive committee is of the opinion that Hickel "has no understanding of conservation and the need to protect and restore the American environment." The hearings confirmed that view, despite the disclaimers, the qualifiers, the apologies. Secretary-designate Hickel could not give precise answers to all questions about future policy, for he does not yet "understand in detail the various intricate parts of the Interior Department." He did not know the financial interests of the oil men he had appointed to state office in Alaska. He was not sure whether he favored the Johnson Administration's plans to add land to the National Parks before LBJ leaves office. His efforts to have the Arctic Wild Life Range surveyed for minerals did not mean he would let the miners in; but we ought to know what's there. Not only is he pro-native, he believes in "improving upon nature." He would look carefully into his responsibilities and hire men with "executive backgrounds or whatever it took." He would continue existing Interior programs, though perhaps not the Alaska land freeze, devoting a "period of time to the consolidation of gains that have been made and to a reassessment of our long-range objectives."

David Brower of the Sierra Club paced the back of the hearing room; former Senator Ernest Gruening went to sleep; Senator Edmund Muskie at one point remembered another appointment and left. "Governor," said Senator Frank Church, "I want you to know I don't think anyone's laid a glove on you yet."

# The Coin of Commitment

"We've heard a lot," Mr. Johnson said in his farewell address, "about not being able to do anything on the home front because of Vietnam. But we have been able in the last five years to increase commitments for such things as health and education from $30 billion in 1964 to $68 billion in the coming fiscal year . . . notwithstanding Vietnam." Certainly there has been a dramatic rise during the Johnson years in sums spent on social programs. Thus, federal expenditures for education and health (including Medicare) rose from $3-4 billion in 1964 to $17.9 billion in 1969. Most of the $30 billion ('64) to which Mr. Johnson referred is represented by Social Security payments and unemployment compensation ($22.7 billion), neither of which derive from general revenue but come from social insurance trust funds. Of the $68 billion mentioned, less than a third went for education and manpower training, health, housing, and community development.

Moreover, what Mr. Johnson left out of his message (but which may be found on page 74 of his budget) are figures on our financial commitment to the Vietnam war. From fiscal '65 through fiscal '70, expenditures for the Estimated Special Support for Southeast Asia Operation total $108.518 billion.

# That Wonderful Feeling

During the Senate Armed Services committee hearing on the nomination of industrialist David R. Packard to be Deputy Secretary of Defense, Chairman John Stennis remarked that Congress had never devised a satisfactory conflict-of-interest law. The present law requires that a government official dealing with a firm in which he has an interest disclose that interest and stand aside from the transaction, or be liable to prosecution. Senate committees passing upon nominations to high office amplify the law in various ways; Armed Services requires in principle and usually in fact that nominees divest themselves of stocks in companies operating within their areas of responsibility or grossing $10,000 or more per year in military contracts.

The Packard controversy, whatever its outcome, served the useful purpose of pointing up the failure, so far, to resolve the conflict-of-interest problem. The most pernickety Senators could quarrel only in detail with Packard's argument that his $300-million stock holding in his electronics firm (Hewlett-Packard of

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California) was too big to be sold out of hand without undue harm to the company and to other stockholders who would suffer from a fall in share prices; or with his proposal to put the holding in a trust, for benefit of designated charities, so long as he is in office. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, taking her familiar line that an honest man won't be affected by either the retention or sale of his stocks, solved the problem only for herself. Senator Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire, noting that Packard proposed to give away the income from the temporary trust and any addition to the capital value of the stock while it is in trust, raised a point that seemed both new and interesting to the committee. "You have insulated yourself from any gain," he told Packard, "but how do you insulate yourself from loss?" – meaning, from human concern, that the stock may fall in value while he is in office. Packard had said his main interest was to make sure he got his stock back in the end; how could he help wanting also to keep its value at or near that $300 million? "Senator," Packard replied, "if I worried about that $300 million, I'd never be able to do anything else, so I never think about it." The attending Senators, already dazed by the presence of a man worth *that* (plus several million more in other holdings), laughed rather nervously. "That must be a wonderful feeling," Senator McIntyre said. They all laughed some more.

## Singing in the Rain

Democrats could enjoy themselves at a bankruptcy hearing. Here they are, saddled with a staggering debt, out of the White House after eight years, shut out of state capitols across the country as they have not been since before Eisenhower, and on the outs with many of their traditional allies. Yet when the Democratic National Committee, top-heavy with aging guardians, met in Washington, D. C., last week the mood was buoyant. A younger staff member of the Committee, a veteran of six or seven such meetings in the last several years, had an explanation: the DNC had "shucked the old guard" (it hadn't, quite). And, he added, "When the treasurer comes out and starts giving facts and figures, that's something I haven't known under LBJ. People appreciate that." In discussing resolutions, members were allowed to get up and talk freely; that too could be celebrated.

Then too, a new chairman gave new hope. Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma was Humphrey's choice, to which the Committee gave its unanimous consent. Harris is a lively, bright, younger (38) regular. Last March he headed an organizing committee to mobilize the farm and small-town vote for Johnson's reelection and later became co-chairman of United Democrats for Humphrey. It was he who told the press last summer that Humphrey "could live" with LBJ's Vietnam plank. On *The New Republic's* listing of 12 key issues in the 90th Congress, Harris scored "right" four times. On the Riot Commission, he was outstanding.

The DNC came up with a poor decision in the case of Georgia credentials. At Chicago, the convention split that state's delegation evenly between the groups led by State Rep. Julian Bond and Gov. Lester Maddox. But the DNC on January 14 denied the Bond group one of the two national committee seats.

## Who Pays the Bills?

The Federal Budget for Fiscal 1970 would come out a deep red if it couldn't count on revenue from the 10 percent surcharge on individual and corporate incomes (plus certain excise taxes Lyndon Johnson wants retained). So the outgoing President recommends the surtax be continued for another year beyond June 30. The incoming President concurs, with qualifications. No decision is required of him until spring, by which time perhaps, Mr. Nixon says, the "war, the budget outlook and economic conditions" may permit reducing or abolishing it. That is a slight shift from his more categorical campaign statement "once the war is ended we should get rid of the surtax."

Taxes are not, of course, determined by any laws of economics, but by political necessities. The objective is to raise the necessary revenues without incurring undue public wrath. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House, George H. Mahon, has already said that the Democratic Congress will not extend the surcharge unless President Nixon specifically requests it; Mr. Nixon, in other words, must at least share the blame. And Rep. Wilbur Mills, Chairman of Ways and Means and the man who fought with Lyndon Johnson for more than a year over this issue, has made several similar hints.

The case for keeping the surtax is sound. It is sound because inflation is a reality. It is sound even though a sliver of pessimism has crept into what, up to three weeks ago, was a consensus among experts that '69 would be another prosperous year – not as booming as '68, but healthy by most standards. If business does turn down, or level off, the surcharge should still be maintained. There are more effective remedies for a slackening off, foremost of which is relaxation of monetary policy, a cutting back of interest rates. The key consideration, whatever Mr. Nixon may have previously thought or said, is that the federal government in the next four years will need to invest very large resources in urban modernization, health, education, transportation. The new President will be wise to hang onto all the revenue he can get.

It is to be expected, however, that if Mr. Nixon does

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recommend extending the surcharge, some Democrats on the Hill will want to debate the issue at length with Treasury Secretary Kennedy and Budget Director Mayo, scoring a political point in the process. The same will be true if it is proposed that the tax be allowed to lapse, for then the political issue will be budget deficits and "fiscal irresponsibility."

In all this discussion, the "forgotten man" in tax collections should be remembered. A man with a wife and two children who earns $5,000 a year or less was not affected by the 10 percent surcharge to begin with, and won't get relief if it is wiped out. What the poor and many middle-income families need is not a lower or no surtax but a raising of personal exemptions from the present $600; the elimination of all taxes on families living below the so-called poverty line ($3,500 for a family of four); a sharp increase in the present minimum standard deduction, perhaps to $2,000; and the refunding of social security taxes paid by low-income-bracket workers. Mr. Johnson washed his hands of this matter, despite a law requiring him to send a tax reform package to the Congress during 1968. In his farewell message last week, he did ask for larger social security benefits – but also higher social security taxes. These continuing increases in social security taxes, on top of rising state and local property and school taxes and the spread of sales taxes hit the poor hardest.

For example, it is estimated that households whose incomes range from zero to $3,000 pay taxes averaging $504 annually, or 34 percent of income. For families earning $25,000 or above, the tax take totals on an average, 28 percent of income. There are an estimated 2.2 million families with incomes below the poverty level, according to William F. Helmuth Jr., Deputy Assistant Treasury Secretary for tax policy, who pay federal income taxes. "Through the introduction of the minimum standard deduction in 1964, the point at which the income tax begins was raised from $667 to the present $900 for an individual, but that is only slightly more than half the poverty level of $1,700 (for an individual). An individual with $1,700 of wages, under present law pays $115 of federal income tax. Comparably, a couple becomes subject to tax if income exceeds $1,600, although [that is] still $600 below the poverty line."

Lower income families spend almost all they earn on food, clothing and other necessities, on which sales taxes are levied. These taxes represent five percent of all spending by the poorest families – and two percent for families with incomes above $15,000. Social Security taxes, which went up again the first of this year, are similarly regressive. The Tax Foundation estimates that about one-third of all families with two or more children pay more social security tax than they do federal income tax. 4.8 percent of the income of a man earning $7,800 this year (you don't pay social security taxes on any earnings beyond that) will be taken by social security taxes; from the $15,000-a-year earner, 2.5 percent. The same discrepancy applies to property taxes. Six to eight percent of the income of those averaging $7,000 yearly goes for property taxes; but for those making $25,000 or more, the percentage is about three.

# Hi Jack, Hi Fidel!

Probably the best way to lessen the incidence of airliner hijackings – ten in the past three months – is to resume flights to Cuba. The hemisphere's sole commercial air link is Castro's own Cubana airline, operating between Havana and Mexico City. Washington pressured other Latin American countries to end air traffic with Cuba but with normal access, the incentive to steal a plane would be diminished.

A chartered Pan American "Freedom Airlift" plane flies twice daily between Miami and Havana. It goes to Cuba empty and returns with refugees. Last July, Washington suggested that the plane might also fly homesick Cubans back to Havana. Havana has failed to comment. Of the 76 hijackers and accomplices

*"Our tickets say Miami, and that's where we want to go."*

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who've had a free ride to Cuba, 16 were Cubans, 29 were Americans.

Why not a fresh start, under President Nixon? Castro would benefit from better relations with this country, and so would the US. Air-carrier hijackings have grown from three in 1961 to 13 last year and three so far in 1969. Each costs on an average $18,000 (loss of revenue, largely) and imperils lives. If diplomatic relations with Cuba were restored, Castro and the US might choose to endorse and observe the treaty the United Nations devised in 1963, making hijacking an international crime. Twenty-nine nations signed it; the United States and others have yet to ratify it, though President Johnson sent it to Congress for approval last September.

# Running over the Public

Before making up your mind whether more federal revenues should be turned back to the states to be spent as they see fit, take note of a recent gathering in Washington to which the states – all 50 of them – sent communications, witnesses and, in some cases, their chief executives. They came to tell the Federal Highway Administration how insidious it would be for the general public to have more of a say on where and how federally-aided highways are built.

The occasion was a public hearing called by the Federal Highway Administration to air viewpoints on some proposed regulations on selection of highway locations. The regulations would require state highway departments to hold two local public hearings on any federally-aided highway project. The first would be a "corridor hearing," to get the public viewpoint on the location of the road. The second would be a "highway design hearing," held after the route has been selected, but before construction begins. This is the reverse of how it now works. The highway people select the road location, then the public finds out, usually when the survey crew stakes out the route.

More than just allowing the public a chance to air its views, the federal regulations would require highway builders to take into consideration such heretofore alien considerations as the "social, economic and environmental effects" of the proposed route; to look at alternative routes; and to provide a means of citizen appeal from the decisions of the division engineer. Seems fair enough, considering that the federal government has been contributing from $3 to $4 billion a year to highway construction.

Soon after the proposed regulations were released, the American Association of State Highway Officials – a professional association, which functions more like a trade association for the road builders and enjoys a rather incestuous relationship with the Bureau of Public Roads – called an emergency meeting to howl. Aside from their usual allies (the American Trucking Association, the Associated General Contractors of America, the American Automobile Association, the American Right-of-Way Association, and other stalwart forces of the highway lobby), along came the governors to tell what a reproach the proposed regulations would be to their sovereignty and what a drastic impact they would have on prosperity. What a tribute it all was to the bureaucratic and political eminence of state highway departments! What other state agency in the United States could trick out a solid rank of governors to defend its bureaucratic autonomy?

As the hearings progressed, one saw how dissociated state governments are from local problems. Mayors, city planners and city officials, conservationists, the National League of Cities, the NAACP, Urban America, showed up or sent word in favor of the regulations.

With the weight of one week's testimony and thousands of letters (running two-to-one in favor of the regulations), the Department of Transportation now has to decide how much of the regulations to implement, and when. Secretary of Transportation Alan Boyd has authority to make the regulations effective immediately, and the supposition is that he will do so before leaving office. Even so, it is an odds-on bet that the incoming Department head, Governor Volpe, will rescind them. He has an affinity for letting the roadmen beat a track to every man's door – and through it. Not for nothing was he founder and president of a construction firm that bears his name, Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Works for three years, and Federal Highway Administrator in the halcyon days of the Federal-Aid Highway Program. In case there is any doubt, we have it straight from Joseph E. Quin, an officer of the National Grange, who testified that the Governor had advised them of his opposition to the promulgation of the proposed regulations.

Whatever the eventual disposition of the incoming Secretary, he is going to have a lesson that we will all have to hope will not be lost on him. Whether they are trying to preserve the integrity of their neighborhood against the noise and smell and unsightliness of a freeway, or preserve a wildlife refuge from the Interstate, citizens are getting fed up with the arrogance of the highway builders. The noted Philadelphia City Planner, Edmund N. Bacon, testified that: ". . . up until four or five years ago, the highway engineers had things pretty much their own way, and they successfully bulldozed through all obstacles on routes determined by the single value consideration of the cost-benefit analysis." But recently, "In case after case, in city after city, vast system of highway construction have ground to a standstill because of citizen resistance." The old order seems to be changing, and even federal bureaucrats are catching on. The disgraceful thing is that the governors are so far behind.

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# A Pass for Mitchell

Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, spoke as follows to Attorney General-designate John N. Mitchell at the start of the committee hearing last week on the Mitchell nomination: "I think I know your background. I think you will make a very fine Attorney General. I'm going to vote to confirm you. I have no questions."

Mr. Mitchell, a solemn and jowly man of 55, murmured his thanks and nodded as if the Senator's inquisitoriosity were perfectly natural. In a way, it was. That part of the nominee's background that most concerned Senator Eastland was well and sufficiently known to the committee. It was of such a nature and so well known to the committee's only Southern Republican member, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, that he stayed away from the public portion of the hearing. He appeared only at the closed session which followed, in time to vote with all of the others present to approve the nomination and have it ready, along with those of other Cabinet appointees, for confirmation by the Senate immediately after the inauguration of the new President. Senator Thurmond presumably intended his absence from the public hearing to be what it was, a favor to Mr. Mitchell. Their collaboration at and after the Republican convention last August, in the interest of convincing Southern delegates and white Southern voters that Richard Nixon took a sympathetic view of their problems with racial integration and kindred matters, had achieved its purposes with his nomination and election and had become an embarrassment. The memory of it had contributed materially to the impression, by no means confined to Southerners, that Attorney General Mitchell would be inclined to enforce civil rights with a maximum of restraint and generally to influence the Nixon Administration toward a minimal use of federal power and resources for social ends.

Some of the questions put to Mr. Mitchell at the hearing reflected these apprehensions and some of his cool answers could, if closely and critically analyzed, be interpreted to support them. But the sharpest of the questions were not very sharp, others that cried for asking were not asked at all, and – the anticipated vote of approval aside – the occasion proved to be a substantial plus for Mr. Mitchell.

It was set up to be a plus. Chairman Eastland had no sooner concluded his brief accolade than New York's liberal Republican, Senator Jacob Javits, slid into the witness chair beside Mr. Mitchell and, with "very special pride," vouched for the nominee as "one of our most outstanding lawyers in New York." Neither Mr. Javits, the only witness other than Mr. Mitchell, nor any Senator on the committee, mentioned the nominee's rather narrow field of legal expertise, which consists of telling local and state governments how to qualify their bond issues for public sale. Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina, a passionate Southern constitutionalist and, when he chooses to be, a relentless pettifogger, wanted only to know whether Mr. Mitchell, a Nixon law partner who managed the Nixon campaign, intends as Attorney General to be a political as well as a legal adviser to President Nixon. A legal adviser only, Mitchell said without a discernible tremor. Senator John McClellan of Arkansas also had a single question – whether Attorney General Mitchell proposes to use the power voted by Congress last year (in the Crime Control and Safe Streets Act) to hunt criminals with wiretaps and other electronic surveillance. "Unfortunately and unhappily," McClellan reminded Mitchell, outgoing Attorney General Ramsey Clark had refused to implement this part of the law (because, as nobody said, Clark considers wiretaps to be ineffective, poor substitutes for good police work, and inherently dangerous to personal privacy and rights). Mitchell said he will use the power, "carefully and effectively," with full intent "to protect the privacy and rights of individuals."

Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan, a progressive Democrat, recalled (in the gentlest possible way) Mr. Nixon's campaign attacks upon "the present Attorney General" and his incessant promises to restore law and order with "a new Attorney General." Remarking that in his opinion Clark had been "a superb Attorney General," Hart asked Mitchell: "How will your administration of the Department of Justice differ from his?" Apart from using the hitherto shunned wiretap power, Mitchell first answered, he really didn't know and wouldn't until he had time to study the department. Later, as if pulling himself together, he said the department would also differ in its more vigorous "pursuit of people engaged in organized crime."

Senator Edward Kennedy asked, very politely, for Mitchell's "general view of the progress we have made in civil rights." Mitchell replied that he applauded the progress – it had begun, after all, in the Eisenhower Administration. In the laws enacted then and since, "the basic weapons are there to protect those rights, and in the administration of present legislation, I propose to do it." School desegregation guidelines were HEW's business, not the Department of Justice's, and he would leave them to the HEW Secretary: "I am not familiar with them." Senator Kennedy did not observe, as he might have, that Justice and HEW jointly enforce the guidelines. He settled for a reply, so vague as to be meaningless, to a question about the standards Mitchell was applying in his search, then still without announced results, for his Deputy and Assistant Attorney Generals. What sort of men, with what views,

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were sought for the Civil Rights and Anti-trust divisions? The questions were not asked.

Senators Kennedy and Hart congratulated Mr. Mitchell, welcomed his appointment. Senator Hiram Fong of Hawaii, the only Republican who even implied a doubt, offered his "warmest congratulations" upon "a very excellent appointment." The new Attorney General, approved by the committee and sure of confirmation, left behind when he departed in his subdued blue suit an impression of an able and stolid man, a man who is good at protecting himself by withholding himself, a true Nixon man.

JOHN OSBORNE

## *Putting God to Work*

# Sunday Morning with The Rev. Dr. Peale

The first Sunday after he married Julie Nixon and David Eisenhower in late December at New York's Marble Collegiate Church, Norman Vincent Peale took to his pulpit and preached on *A Wonderful Time in Sixty-Nine*. Though Peale has been largely out of sight and style in recent years, his long-standing friendship with Richard Nixon has suddenly regiven him the platform he earlier enjoyed as the copyrighter of positive thinking, with its benefits of mass succor and cheap grace.

Two hours before the 11 a.m. service, people were already entering the church, and by 10:30, the flow reached full tide. Those using the main door had the treat of being met by carnation-lapelled ushers in morning coats and grey gloves, who greeted everyone with dum-dum smiles meant to expand when they hit. Inside, another crew of morning coaters ushered the people into spic cushioned pews. At the aisle-end of each pew was a half-door, which the ushers closed when capacity was reached, like grooms clamping horses into the starting gate. The men in the congregation averaged in their fifties – they had done well in the marketplace but were not so foolish as to forget God as the ultimate controller of the Big Board. The ladies silently burst with niceness. Occasionally, an under-25 person would walk up the aisle, always in a Mom-Dad-Bill-and-Sis arrangement.

After the organist warmed up and the choir entered the santuary, Peale strode out of the right sacristy. One assistant preceeded, another tailed. All wore black gowns, Peale's purfled with scarlet, the assistants' with violet. Peale sat in the baronial chair in the middle. Hymns were sung, and Peale stepped forward. Before getting into the text he called attention to some distinguished guests: the North Carolina basketball team, one of the greatest teams playing today; he, personally, was inspired whenever he saw them on TV. Peale didn't know they had lost the night before in the Garden to lowly-ranked St. John's, or that two nights before, they played a sloppy game against Villanova, marked by fistfighting.

"What will 1969 do to us and what will we do to it?" Those questions, though baffling, had answers. Peale returned to "memory lane" and told how he asked his father on the last day of 1911 what 1912 would be like. "Norman," said wise father Peale, "the new year will be exactly what you make it." Peale then quoted Emerson and Plato on the virtues of taking charge of one's life. He followed with Genesis: "In the beginning, God . . . Take God at the start and you'll have a wonderful time."

Too abstract? Peale got down to practical business with four rules:

*Practice the art of forgetting.* "Forget the frustrations, regrets, worry and disappointments of '68. Drop all that. Look to the future. Have visions. If you take the *t* off the word forget, you know what you have? The word forge, f-o-r-g-e." This was illustrated with a story about a salt-of-the-earth farmer from South Dakota who had found happy living because he could forget his crop failure and forge ahead to the next planting.

*Live one day at a time.* A quote from "that old boy" Marcus Aurelius: "live each day as though it was one's last . . ."

The third rule for a wonderful time in sixty-nine was *living with equanimity.* Peale told a tale about Sir William Osler, followed with another one, more current, about "professional agitators" intent on starting a riot at an unnamed California college. It seems a scruffy little rebel was midway through a violence-inciting speech to a mob when a big football player stepped forward. He took the mike from the rebel and proceeded to tell the mob what a wretched life he once led but how Jesus had since come into it, making him a new man. The mob that would soon have been in full riot was transformed into what Peale called "an inspirational religious meeting." That's equanimity.

*Expect great things.* "Put your life into God's hands. Have high hopes. Have visions. Believe life is good, that it's going to get better. Expect great things from God, and you know what? You're just liable to get them." With a final quote from Socrates – "no harm can come to a good man" – another story and a God-be-with-you prayer, Peale sent his 1,200 listeners on their way.

In a book called *You Can Win* (1938), Peale wrote "The good never loses." Three years later, the country went to war and proved him out: America defeated

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Germany and Japan. In 1952, Peale hit full stride with *The Power of Positive Thinking*: "There was a time when I acquiesced in the silly idea that there is no relationship between faith and prosperity." He learned: "Put God to work for you and maximize your potential in our divinely ordered capitalist system."

The problem with Peale is described by Richard Neuhaus, a Brooklyn pastor and anti-war activist. It's not Peale's endorsement of Wall Street, but "the notion that we should put God to work, whether for a killing on the market or to end the killing in the Mekong Delta." What Neuhaus means is that "the blasphemy that religion is instrumental to our purposes is not unique to Marble Collegiate." Thus, the mockery Peale makes of religion is exactly the kind committed by many of his critics: the God-is-on-our-side delusion. Norman Vincent Peale may be more vulgar but is no more arrogant in preaching that God can help you make money than is the priest who says he *knows* Jesus would burn his draft card.

A positive thinker? Peale is anything but. He is the archtypical pessimist, one of the most doom-obsessed figures in America. Underneath all his cheery yak is the presupposition that life is so grim and God so distant, that the best a man-of-the-cloth can do is offer people a little comfort. Help them make money and achieve success, time-tested ways of steeling oneself against the world's cruelty.

Since Peale believes there is no hope for men ever improving their social environment (as against their social position), he stays clear of social issues. As president of the Protestant Council of New York, he could be a leader of a civil rights movement, since in Catholic and Jewish New York, the majority of Protestants are Negro. But he rarely acknowledges the Negroes' existence, much less their existence in a racist society. One of the few times Peale has spoken out on a social issue – aside from his ill-contrived opposition in 1960 to candidate John Kennedy because he was a Catholic – was two years ago. He fumed like Moses against the horror of topless waitresses in New York.

As he left the sanctuary after hammering home his recipe for wonderfulness, Peale slumped his shoulders and drooped his head. He had had the flu the week before, so that might have been it. But perhaps it was something else, as though he carried the weight of his congregation's frustrations and gloom. It would figure. Up against America's siege of war, race, crime, rebellion and poverty, Peale knew his four little rules were squat.

COLMAN MCCARTHY

# We Honorable Imperialists

*by Joseph Featherstone*

Are we an empire? It was an easier question to answer in 1898, when the issue was seizing the Philippines and civilizing its inhabitants with Krags, the M-16's of the period. Robert L. Beisner's study, *Twelve Against Empire*, shows that the anti-imperialists of that day were upper-middle-class conservatives – Mugwumps, proudly and sometimes foolishly above party, and old-fashioned Republicans whose emotional loyalty was to the party of Lincoln, not McKinley. Imperialism in their view was unconstitutional as well as unprofitable. America's first adventure in world power politics seemed a threat to our uniqueness and innocence. They were appalled by the rawness and greed of the new industrial order, fearful of the immigrant masses. They erroneously imagined they were leading a popular movement.

At its height their Anti-Imperialistic League had 30,000 members and half a million contributors, an impressive number in a day when, as Ernest R. May has pointed out, the public interested in foreign policy was small. Partly because of their efforts, the Treaty of Paris, annexing the Philippines and launching the US as a Pacific power, was nearly defeated. Their uproar may also have contributed to a rising wariness about territorial conquest. Nevertheless, they were failures: the new lands were annexed, Aguinaldo's insurrection was mercilessly stamped out, McKinley was vindicated by re-election in 1900. And in the long run, Beisner notes that they proved to be mistaken on a number of counts. The great territorial empire didn't last – the Americans decided in the thirties to free the Philippines, largely for economic reasons. Nor did colonial rule corrupt American society to any great extent. As colonialisms go, ours was relatively benign. They failed conspicuously to influence the course of US policy in Latin America, partly because they were never altogether convinced that America shouldn't rule sovereign in its own hemisphere. In his revealing portrait of Andrew Carnegie, a study in guile and duplicity, Beisner shows how a man could favor na-

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tional independence for the Philippines, yet refuse to concede that a country like Cuba was capable of self-determination.

A large part of the failure of the anti-imperialists was political. Their positions were often contradictory; the Mugwump disdain for the populace and politics was no help. The Republicans among them, including a powerful man like Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House, were hampered by party loyalties and a peculiar diffidence. It never occurred to most of the anti-imperialists that their problem was to overcome the relative popularity of this "splendid little war" and its consequences. If the Philippine insurrection had dragged on and the casualties mounted, then the war, like the one in Vietnam, might have come to seem less righteous to the public. As in Vietnam, the opposition party in the late nineties had made itself an accomplice of the Administration's policy. Beisner points out that the Democrats had cried for war in 1898 as loudly as anyone else. Bryan performed feats of demagogy that no candidate equalled in 1968, volunteering to fight in Cuba, then opposing expansion, then voting for the peace treaty, then campaigning in 1900 as an anti-imperialist. The anti-imperialists were all old men, nostalgic for the past, disgusted with the present. Born in the 1820's and 1830's, they had outlived the agrarian Republic of their dreams.

What survives very well in 1969 is their moral appeal, the aversion to leaders who try to impose their will on other nations, and to killing people in the name of abstractions like "responsibility." The Mugwump voice of William James was never raised in a better cause than when he insisted that the McKinley government had taken an "intensely living and concrete situation" and dealt with it by murderous abstractions. Perhaps this came of becoming a world power, for "the bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed." But as Beisner says, the anti-imperialists were rejected for their gloom and pessimism and age by an optimistic people that fancied itself immune from such judgments.

Just as the ideal, if not the reality, of the nation is dimming, so the notion that there are lessons to read from the past is becoming disreputable. But if lessons are suspect, history can at least suggest continuities. One of the most striking things about the anti-imperialists of 1898 is their nationalism, the extremely parochial nature of their concerns. The measure of what America should do, in and to the world, was its impact on America. What happened to the world came a poor second. This nationalism lay behind the fear of colonialism's corrupting influence – it was not especially what happened to the Philippinos or Cubans, but to us. Thus the willingness of many anti-imperialists to abandon the Philippines to its own devices, even though they believed it unfit for self-government. Their proprietary attitude toward possessions in this hemisphere on the other hand, reflected a nationalist sense of manifest destiny.

It would be hard to accuse the peace movement today of an excess of patriotism, but you do keep seeing Vietnam used as a model, an illustration of a thesis, anything but a suffering country. This approaches the parochialism of the earlier anti-imperialists, although it can't equal that of our national security managers to whom Vietnam – or any of those other dominoes – is a testing ground for global strategy against wars of national liberation.

It was not clear to most of the earlier anti-imperialists that an aggressive, militant sense of manifest destiny was as much a part of our past as a peaceful tradition of anti-colonialism. Nor were they aware of how the language they used reflected Darwinian doctrines of struggle and survival of the fittest applied to national rivalries. Some of them took note of the economic arguments for annexation, which they tried to disprove. (After a long period in which Marxist and Beardian economic analyses have been subject to caricature and ritual ridicule, historians are reconsidering the economic aspects of imperialism, most notably Walter LaFeber, who has shown how American political leaders were influenced by the idea that colonial expansion would benefit industries suffering from overproduction.) Some anti-imperialists seemed to recognize what Richard Hofstadter has suggested: that the war offered a release from the unrest and turmoil in America, a psychic escape from the problems of a nation that seemed on the edge of industrial civil war. It seems curious that few, if any, saw the danger in growing acceptance of fashionable European and particularly English rationales for imperialism.

We know better, thank God. Or do we? I've just finished reading a symposium in which some of the scholars who egged us on in Vietnam and some who have opposed the war met to assess its "lessons." *No More Vietnams* is melancholy reading, because it is apparent that even most of the critics of the war tacitly accept America's counter-revolutionary role in the world. There is no suggestion that political subversion and direct military intervention in the affairs of lesser nations is either imprudent or immoral. Vietnam is explained away as the result of an excess of benevolence, the product of near-sighted but visionary liberal evangelism. We are a nation erring through generosity, like one of Henry James' innocents, trapped in the dark labyrinths of a wicked world.

This of course is not the picture of America held by most politicians, not to mention scholars, in the Third World. There, and in radical circles here, for example, American policy simply reflects the concerns of powerful economic interests. There is more truth to this than

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we usually like to admit, but it is not a complete explanation.

Wars are fought by noncapitalist states, for one thing; for another, there is little, or was little, American investment in Vietnam. Our businessmen have, in fact, become increasingly opposed to the war. Stocks rise at rumors of peace. Nor does strict economic interest satisfactorily explain the arms race, although everyone knows that economic interests play an important role. (Just what the role is awaits some scholarly scrutiny. Victor Perlo tried to estimate the direct interests of the biggest US corporations in disarmament and the tax benefits it would bring, and found that their interests were about evenly divided.)

Vietnam is the nub of the problem today. The Leninist argument that it is the creature of the most powerful economic interests in society, doesn't wash. As Richard J. Barnet argues in his brilliant new book, *Intervention and Revolution*, the Leninist theory underestimates the frequently independent role of the national security bureaucracy, which has the money and the power to develop its own conception of the national interest, and which has committed the nation to a policy of unilateral interventionism all over the world. It is not that the military and the bureaucrats are any more power-hungry than anybody else, but if you have a Pueblo, or a U-2, or counter-insurgency troops, there is an institutional drive to use them. Beyond that, there is an impulse for total control of world conditions, total security, and a tendency to see all revolutionary movements as threatening American security. Since the search for perfect security, like perfect peace, is endless, greater American military power and political influence become ends in themselves. No one inside the system and few outside critics question whether increasing US influence and control in the world is desirable.

It seems to me that Barnet is correct in seeing a consistent thread in our post-war foreign policy: the desire of the single most powerful nation to extend its control over the world environment. This is what all nations try to do, but few have the resources to try it on the US scale. There is no country in the world in which our national security bureaucracy cannot find some vital American interest, usually a counter-revolutionary interest.

Obviously this is only the start of an exploration of imperialism up-dated. A President's personality, his staff, accident, and a hundred other factors have gone into the making of our new interventionism. Barnet lists some quite complex psychological and ideological elements: the fear of attack, of falling from power, the urge to make other nations over in our image, the refusal of the interventionists to admit, even as a matter of *Realpolitik*, that American interests are separate from those of mankind. A fuller explanation is needed also of how much the security apparatus needs and fosters popular anti-Communism.

Whether you call it imperialism or not, it seems to me that we are just beginning, faintly, to understand what the militarization of our foreign policy means. We still do not understand the roots of our counter-revolutionary obsessions, the American Romantic ego's refusal to recognize boundaries to itself.

# "Black Lung"

## *Mining as a Way of Death*

*by Robert Coles & Harry Huge*

Towns like Farmington, West Virginia or cities like Harlan and Hazard, Kentucky struggle with enough ironies to make even children a little sociological as they size up the world: "Some daddys here, they make good money, but a lot of them, they get killed in the mines; and if they don't, they have to stop working after awhile, because they can't breathe very good. Then they're as bad off as the rest of us in the hollows. That's where my uncle says." The boy's father was killed in a mine accident in 1963. The boy's uncle has "black lung" and coughs and wheezes and spits up black phelgm and feels short of breath a lot of the time and has chest pains:

> "I've had it. I'm an old man at 31. I started in the mines when I was 16, and no one asked any questions. My daddy, he started when he was 11. I was lucky to have a job. Here-

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abouts if you have a job, you feel like you're lucky and you give the foreman every ounce of energy you've got. Some of our kinfolk, they never went to the mines, and they near starve to death and freeze to death, come every winter. But you know, as bad as it is for them, I'm beginning to think they're better off than me and my brother. They don't see the money we do – if we live and don't get sick – and they can't have the things we buy. But I'd rather have it real, real terrible up in the hollows than end up like my brother – he got killed, in a second, just like that. The roof fell in on him down in the mine. And me, well you can hear me trying to catch enough air to stay alive. I never know when my lungs will just stop working altogether, and that will be the end. It's no way to die, let me tell you. It's no kind of reward for those years down in the mine. I wonder if a lot of people, they know that the coal they use to run the factories, it's all done at the expense of our lives. We get killed down there, or our lungs go and get killed. And then a lot of us, we don't get hardly anything to live on."

The fate of thousands like him doesn't seem to bother us. Yes, we become upset when a particularly severe disaster takes place, like the explosion last November 20 that claimed 78 lives in Consolidated Coal Company's No. 9 mine near Farmington, West Virginia. In a matter of weeks, though, Farmington's tragedy is forgotten; it was just one more in an apparently endless succession, all recorded carefully by the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines. In this century about 100,000 men have been crushed to death, burnt to death, choked to death in the coal mines, and since 1930 around a million-and-a-half serious injuries have been recorded. Over 40,000 men have been permanently or partially disabled – and for every miner officially declared disabled, many more than one has tried and failed to have his hurt, ailing body so recognized. In 1907, 3,242 miners were killed. In 1952, the year President Truman signed a Coal Mine Safety Act which he insisted was inadequate, 548 miners died in accidents. In 1962 another 220 men died underground; and lest anyone suppose that things are getting better, the accident rate per thousand miners has increased since 1952 from 1.37 to 1.50. All in all, then, mining has become more hazardous for the 150,000 or so men who work in about 5,500 deep mines and 2,200 surface ones. Since Harry Truman severely criticized Congress for failing to enact even half-satisfactory legislation to protect the safety of miners, over 200,000 miners have been injured, and today the coal companies continue to confront their workers with awful risks and dangers, more of them than any other major industry in America dares allow. Each month the journal put out by the United Mine Workers spells out the result: 29 killed in August, 1968; 24 in September; and on and on. Even before this past November more men were killed in 1968 (182) than in 1967 (173).

None of those statistics measures the incidence of "black lung," an insidious disease which gradually destroys the lung's ability to function normally. Every year hundreds and hundreds of miners die of the various complications that come with the disease – called by today's doctors "pneumonconiosis," and by others long ago (going back to 1862) "miner's asthma." The Surgeon General of the United States has said that "conservatively speaking" over 100,000 miners suffer from "black lung disease," which means that most if not all miners have it, suffer every day from it, and in significant numbers die from it; die because, literally, the lungs become increasingly scarred, lifeless, useless – and eventually the time comes for the last breath to be taken. Anyone who has seen a miner waging that battle, fighting for breath as a drowning man does for air, can never forget it.

Because 78 miners died all at once, the Department of the Interior held a conference on December 11, 1968, and those of us there heard speeches and outbursts and accusations and denials and resolutions and confessions and promises of change – but one can only wonder at something else, as a miner did who sat with us in that large, federal amphitheatre:

"That doctor [the Surgeon General] said over 100,000 of us have the damn disease and everyone knows that if you stay down there long enough, you get it, you get it worse and worse. And you heard him, Corcoran [President of the Consolidated Coal Company], say they had to do something to reduce the dust. But they didn't tell people what it *is*, what the disease we get *is*. How is someone here in Washington or in California or in New York supposed to know what they're talking about – that the mines are full of coal dust, and it gets into your lungs and eats them up, and then you die? Of course, when I first asked the company doctor if anything was wrong, because I was having trouble breathing, he didn't even want to listen to my chest. He just came over to me from across the room and he said: 'Look, if you want to stay working, you'd better not complain, you'd better not mention this.' I looked at him as though he was a crook or something. Then I guess he just got mad, because he raised his voice at me: 'Every miner has trouble with his breathing one time or another. So why should you start complaining. Don't you talk to your buddies? Haven't they all got the same troubles?' And he was right there – we all do. And he was right with the last thing he told me, before I left: 'Look, you're better off working than com-

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plaining. You'll die faster from not eating than from some coal dust in your lungs.' You know what I said? I said, 'You're right, doctor.' You know why he's right? I could be on my deathbed – from not eating or from 'black lung,' either of them – and between the doctors like him, and all those lawyers they've got, and the bosses and the county courthouse people, I'd still not get a cent from the company or the welfare people or Washington or anyplace. And every miner knows that."

Three years ago, in Perry County, Kentucky, one of us carefully examined a 37-year-old man who had been digging coal out of nearby land for 20 years. He was of medium height, blue-eyed and with thinning brown hair. Unlike some of his kin, who do what textbooks rather generously call "subsistence farming," he went to the mines: "You either get a job there, or you don't work at all. It's up to you to decide. All I want to do is work, keep working until my kids are grown-up. I don't care what happens after that, but I can't stop working now. We'd starve to death."

The stethoscope picked up telltale sounds in his chest, evidence that the lungs were in trouble. He had twice been hurt in the back by cave-ins, which he dismissed as "nothing," though he never can really forget that miners die each year from just that – a landslide that happens because proper roofs have not been built to cover men who are probing and cutting away at earth and coal. His back gave him constant pain, for all his brave denial that anything was wrong, and even a cursory neurological examination, done in his home, demonstrated that he had sustained an injury to his back, and to the nerves which enter and leave his spinal column all along the back's length. He had something to say about that difficulty, too: "Look, every miner worth anything gets his back hurt, and his legs and his arms also; all he has to do is stay down there long enough. I'd as soon live in pain and have the money, than have my back in shape and an empty stomach."

More recently we saw him, and he was less defiant. He no longer has a job. His "lung problem" made him a "risk" in the mines. For six months he looked elsewhere for work, but found none. His savings diminished. Now he has nothing except some good furniture and a good but aging car, which he cannot afford to drive. His kinfolk bring over food and a little money. He can "always go up a hollow and live with them," which means, in the true spirit of what a "community" is, he will not starve to death so long as the entire Appalachian region doesn't – in some cases, *barely* doesn't. We asked him why he hadn't applied for Social Security payments which are supposed to go to those with "permanent and total disability." He told us he'd tried, tried everything – and anyway don't we know about things like that, in his words, "about the way they operate, the welfare people and their lawyers and the doctors they send you to."

If we didn't know "the way they operate," we eventually found out, thanks to miners like him – and to a whole series of welfare hearings and legal proceedings that the one of us who is a lawyer has attended and studied. Unlike Europe's major industrial nations, the United States has no overall program to support injured, seriously injured, workers. In county after county of Appalachia, and all over the country, men like this miner are excluded from welfare. Unless they have some high-priced form of private insurance, they get nothing. Some states provide money for a few months, even a year, to men suddenly unemployed; but eventually that stops, and in a region like Appalachia, where unemployment can be a way of life, nothing goes to men who want to work and can't find jobs – and to sick men, badly sick men, many of whom desperately try to find something to do, even though by rights they deserve a pension and good medical care, neither of which they get.

Congress has made sure that disabled workers don't get Medicare. Congress has made sure the language in the public assistance schemes that are federally supported (for the aged, the blind and children) is extremely restrictive and vague, which means local welfare officials do all the interpreting. In each case a doctor must decide whether a man is "permanently and totally disabled." In most cases the doctor is a "state doctor," appointed and paid by the welfare department. In Kentucky, as in many other states, even if a private doctor makes a particular claim for his patient, a Medical Review Team goes over the forms and has the final say in the matter – and the doctor on that team does *not* examine the patient, but simply evaluates the citizen's claim. Again and again miners – and of course others, too – go to those county courthouses and get the following kind of treatment:

> "I went there and told them I couldn't work no more in the mines, that it was my lungs, they were giving away and I couldn't catch my breath, and the company doctor, he said it was time for me to go. I had some money saved up, and I thought that maybe in a while my lungs would get better and I could go back to work; but they didn't – instead they've become worse. I tried to get a job in a store, and a gas station, too – that my brother-in-law runs. But he says he can't keep going except by himself and with his son at his side, and he doesn't make the money to hire anyone else – and a lot of men, miners like me, fallen sick, come and ask him if he knows of any work around, and he has to say that the answer is no, sorry, he doesn't.
>
> "The welfare lady, she let me apply and it's the same old story, over and over again. They sent

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me to their doctor and he looked me over and listened to my chest and asked me to walk and bend and like that, and said, 'o.k., you can go.' As I was leaving I asked him if he thought I could qualify, and he said that wasn't my business, to ask him that, but he'd say this much: 'You can walk in here and sit and stand and bend and get up, and you can work – not in the mines, but in a store, you could do that, or an office.' Then I tried to tell him that a man like me, he can't overnight become an office-man, and besides there aren't those kinds of jobs around here. But he cut me off, in the middle of a sentence. 'I know, I know. You all say that.' That's what he said.

"Well it wasn't long before the news came back that I wasn't 'permanently disabled,' and so I couldn't get a cent; and that means I can just go and starve to death so far as everyone's concerned – the coal company and the county courthouse people and the Washington people. Of course, if I can get to be 60 or so – that's over 20 years off – I can get Social Security and after that Medicare. But with this 'black lung' inside of me and no money, I'll be lucky to hit 40. Yes sir."

Again and again we have heard miners like him and others in Appalachia, too, say that only a "man about to die" will be found eligible for any kind of financial help, all of which has been substantiated by a statistical analysis of the federally supported welfare programs: "The death rates for disabled workers under 50 finally declared eligible for support approximate those of the United States population 70 to 74 years of age. . . . Disabled beneficiaries 50 to 64 years of age had death rates higher than persons 75 to 84 years of age."

Just in case its civilized and humanitarian purposes might be misunderstood, Congress took up the issue of eligibility for Social Security disability payments in 1967 and spelled out exactly what the world's first nation intends for its citizens. The courts – so often these days susceptible to fits of soft-headed compassion – had decided that the Social Security Act requires a claimant to be unable to do the kind of work that is available in his hometown. No, said a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats: the claimant must be unable to do any work at all, and if a disabled miner is found medically suitable for a job, say, on the Stock Exchange on Wall Street – well, then, too bad for him and his devious effort to milk Washington of money. In addition, the courts had ruled pain to be evidence of physical or mental impairment; no, said the Congress – because, after all, people in bad pain can still work. What is more, the courts had foolishly defined disability as a man's "practical inability to be hired by an employer," a definition Congress flatly refused to sanction. Applicants – perhaps suppli cants is the better word – are either flat on their backs vitually at death's door, or else they can expect noth ing; and lest anyone slip through that tightly woven net, the Congress thoughtfully made its new restric tions apply retroactively to all cases in any state of appeal before the Social Security Administration or the courts.

In the counties of eastern Kentucky and all over the country, welfare departments do nothing to encourage thorough medical examinations. The forms are brief, the doctors are not given standards or even instructions to use as guides. To many miners we have interviewed, the doctors and their examinations are in fact something worse: "It isn't that they're not thorough, the checkups the doctors give. It's that they're used to disqualify us. The one who saw me, he said 'Sure you're sick, but you're not dying.' And if I was dying, he'd probably have said there's no point for the government to be giving money to a dying man."

That is a harsh judgment for a miner to make about a doctor. In nearby West Virginia we found a little more goodwill and charity for doctors, some of whom are now becoming "agitators" – which means they are demanding that adequate compensation be payed to men who suffer from "black lung." (In recent years exactly four men with the disease have been compensated.) We visited Farmington, talked with miners who worked in Consolidated No. 9. We went through the miles of property that adjoin the particular section of the enormous mine that exploded this last November. We talked with company officials, and a number of doctors, both in northern West Virginia, where Consolidated No. 9 is, and in the southern part of the state, where a first-rate team of specialists is studying the nature of "black lung disease" at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley. One of us went to Charleston and watched a meeting of the Silicosis Medical Board, assembled to consider the case of a 50-year-old miner who had worked in the mines for 31 years, was now obviously sick with "black lung" and had been denied assistance by the Social Security Administration. The man's doctor was prodded by a coal company's lawyer. Couldn't all sorts of things cause the miner's distress? Were specific tests done to determine the cause of his illness? Might not cigarette smoking cause the same kind of damage to the lungs? No, insisted the doctor: "A man could smoke four packs a day and not begin to show this particular kind of abnormality." For all his effort – trips here and there, examinations and more examinations – the miner had received a flat award of $1,000; he was appealing for more. In one miner's words:

"You go there, they treat you like you're some kind of animal in a zoo; they tell you it could be cigarettes and polluted air and well – maybe the

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dust that falls down from the moon or something. Then, if you keep after them long enough, they give you maybe a thousand dollars, or maybe if you're real lucky, double or triple that, and then you've had it, brother, for keeps. That's how it is with us. Then you ask if we mind it, doing the work down there."

After the disaster in Consolidated No. 9, we read that the miners frequently endanger themselves by their recklessness, their bravado, their seeming reluctance to heed various rules or regulations. We had been talking to miners in various parts of Appalachia well before that terrible accident in West Virginia and had, on the contrary, been struck with something quite else: the resignation, the stubborn fatalism, the anything-but-casual manner of the men we watched going down those shafts. So we asked survivors of Consolidated No. 9 about their "attitudes":

"Yes, we do a lot of laughing. What else can you do when you go into a gassy mine, a dusty old one like that one? If you start talking about the danger, they'll fine you as a troublemaker. All I want is for my kids to grow up. I don't care if I die then, in an accident or an explosion or from 'black lung.' One way or the other I'll die from one of those causes anyway. It's just that if I can last long enough, my kids will get some good schooling – and *they'll* never go into the mines.
"Down there, the fans didn't work right. The whole ventilation system wasn't good enough, and they knew it. You bet they did. Now they all say we could have done more and we should have. Well, they knew that a long time ago. You hear it said that mining is dangerous, and there's not much you can do. Well, if they worried about us the way they do about men who go under water to explore, or in submarines, or up to the moon, they could do a lot. If they did what they're *supposed* to do – keep pushing those gases out with the fans and keep the coal dust down, we'd be safer. The fact is that in some mines – like with Bethlehem – where the company uses the coal itself, and doesn't sell it, the mines are much safer. Everyone knows that. There's something wrong with the whole business, if you ask me. You read that it's Gulf Oil and Mobil Oil and Humble Oil that are buying up these mines. Our Consolidated No. 9, did you know who owns it? The foreman, he told us that the Consolidated people, the Consolidated Coal Company, they're one of the biggest owners of the Chrysler Car Company, and that actually it's the Continental Oil Company – I don't know where they come from – that owns our Consolidated Coal mines. Even the foreman – and he's a company man – he said if they can give huge tax favors to the oil companies they can do it for us, to the coal people, and they could make it a million times safer – because they know how to. They just don't want to dig into their profits."

Ironically, poorer coal-producing countries like England and Germany and Czechoslovakia spend much more money studying ways to make mines safe – and *do* something about what is discovered. In those nations miners are regularly given x-rays, and immediately withdrawn from such work when evidence of lung disease begins to appear. They are given jobs elsewhere; or if injured or disabled, given decent and honorable pensions as a right. In those countries the mines are ventilated far more efficiently than are ours, and in some instances miners are given safe and comfortable masks, and even whole uniforms that preclude any inhalation whatsoever of coal dust. One very fine physician, Dr. Donald Rasmussen, whose recent paper in *The American Review of Respiratory Disease*, "Pulmonary Impairment in Southern West Virginia Coal Miners," is already a classic in the medical literature that has to do with "black lung," told us he finds himself ashamed when he talks with Britain or German doctors:

"They are doing so much more there, preventatively – it's embarrassing to compare notes with them. If we really wanted to do something about "black lung" we could. Each mine goes on as before; the men fall sick, but stay at work because they have no choice – and we see them suffering here, every day. True, a bad disaster brings us some attention; but not for long, and pretty soon things are back to normal around here, which means thousands of miners are slowly getting sicker and sicker and eventually they die, of course – many of them still young men."

In 1917, Sinclair's novel, *King Coal*, aroused the conscience of many. Today miners get much better pay, but what one of the characters in *King Coal* says still holds true:

". . . the frequency of accidents in this district was not due to any special difficulty in operating their mines, the explosiveness of the gasses or the dryness of the atmosphere. It was merely the carelessness of those in charge, their disregard of the laws for the protection of men. There ought to be a law with 'teeth' in it. . . ."

President Johnson also thought "there ought to be a law," but to no avail as far as the Congress was concerned. What will President Nixon do? Will these thousands of coal miners qualify in his Administration as "forgotten Americans"?

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## Laurels and Lemons

The National Society of Film Critics, of which I've been chairman since it was founded in 1966, is made up at present of 14 magazine critics. One function of the group is to give annual awards, not to combat other awards, necessarily, but at least to provide alternatives of taste. We recently voted our third series of awards, for 1968:

*Annual Awards*
(National Society of Film Critics)
*The Sergeant*
(Warner Bros.-Seven Arts)
*The Riot*
(Paramount)
*The Brotherhood*
(Paramount)
*The Fixer*
(M-G-M)

Best Film: *Shame*
Best Director: Ingmar Bergman
Best Performance by a Leading Actor: Per Oscarsson in *Hunger*
Ditto by a Leading Actress: Liv Ullman in *Shame*
Ditto by a Supporting Actor: Seymour Cassel in *Faces*
Ditto by a Supporting Actress: Billie Whitelaw in *Charlie Bubbles*
Best Cinematography: William A. Fraker for *Bullitt*
Best Screenplay: John Cassavetes for *Faces*

There were also three special awards of merit: to two full-length documentaries, *Warrendale* and *A Face of War* and to an animated feature, *Yellow Submarine*.

The special awards were virtually unanimous on one ballot. The others were all decided by point count; each member listed three choices, with three points given to first choice, two to second, one to first. The results were totaled, and the nominee with most points won. Only three of my own first choices were winners: Oscarsson, Ullman, and Whitelaw. My vote for best film of the year, best direction, and best screenplay all went to *Love Affair*, written and directed by Dusan Makavejev (*NR*, Feb. 17, 1968). My second and third film choices were *Weekend* and *Faces*. My vote for best supporting actor went to Trevor Howard in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. In professional rating Howard is, of course, a star, but in that film I don't think he had inarguably the leading male role.

I abstained from the vote on cinematography. My view is that the general level of cinematography is so high these days that I could list at least 15 films of 1968 that were excellently photographed, and I had no convictions about ranking them in order. I could articulate – to my own satisfaction, anyway – why I had chosen as I had in the other categories, but I couldn't possibly say that Fraker's work in *Bullitt*, which was fine, was better than Gerald Fisher's in *Secret Ceremony* or Walter Lassally's in *Joanna* or Boris Kaufman's in *Bye Bye, Braverman* or Sven Nykvist's in *Shame* or Henning Bendtsen's in *Hagbard and Signe*.

I would have preferred some sort of general citation by the society, listing a dozen or so cinematographers in alphabetical order. But since that was not acceptable to the group, I have to admit (equivocal of me, I daresay) that I'm glad the others insisted on giving an award in this field, as a token of awareness and gratitude.

In *The Sergeant* Rod Steiger takes two hours to find out what the rest of us knew in 15 minutes: he's a repressed homosexual. The setting is postwar France, and the characters are GIs, including that perennial sensitive one who always finds the one sensitive girl in town. All the film demonstrates is that Steiger needs a director with enough weight to keep him from throwing his own about, *à la jambon*. John Flynn, the young man who handled other aspects of this picture badly, flubbed that job, too.

Two crime films. *The Riot* is an attempt to update that old American genre, the prison film. It has the novelty of being made in a prison, Arizona State, with some actual inmates in smaller roles, but – as if this ancient truth needed reproving – factualism doesn't make it more authentic. Settings and actors would have been just as good, perhaps better. And the use of telephoto lens, profanity, and drag queens does not revitalize the trite story.

The only notable point is that the lead is played by Jim Brown, the former football star. As in *For Love of Ivy*, it's interesting that a leading role in a genre film – a film of popular myths and types – should be played by a black, who is acceptable as delegate for us all. Brown has not a shred of acting ability, but he is a pleasant and very solid man.

*The Brotherhood* marks Kirk Douglas' return to the screen after a couple of years' absence, but the mark is not indelible. This is another updated genre picture, a gangster story, only now the gang is in business and labor rackets, instead of obvious crime.

Douglas' acting is like his Italian accent, studied, energetic, spurious. The film makes much of Italian family life in America, Mafia brotherhood, and the atmosphere of Sicily, where Douglas has to flee from New York. (One Jew and one Irishman are included among the crooks, to fend off protests of anti-Italianism, I guess.) But the social implications are only wrappings of high TV-drama on an empty package.

Alberto Lattuada's *Mafioso* (1963), with Alberto Sordi, was unsatisfactory, but it made some valid contrasts between the white-coated, slick Milanese factory where the hero had gone to work and the remote blood-bonded Sicilian village from which he had come. *The Brotherhood* is a series of pop-sociology attitudinizings meant to give life to a stale gangster yarn.

I was about to say that Martin Ritt directed without distinction, but he did distinguish himself in one way: he has shot the longest close-up of a strangulation that I've yet seen in a color film. No, there's one other distinction. For the important role of Douglas' brother, Ritt has found the nearest thing to a walking vacuum that I've seen in some time. Named Alex Cord.

*The Fixer* was Bernard Malamud's worst novel, but it wasn't fake. Virtually everything about John Frankenheimer's film is synthetic. Alan Bates

*(Continued on page 35)*

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# Books and the Arts

## Blow-Up in the Universities

### *I-The French Style of Protest*

*by Stanley Hoffmann*

This slim volume contains interviews with three of the leaders of the student revolt that shook France last May: Jacques Sauvageot, the vice president of UNEF, the national student union (so deeply divided into factions before the crisis that it could not agree on a president); Alain Geismar, general secretary of the national union of higher education (Snesup), which spoke for the more militant professors and (especially) young assistants; and Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who had been cleverly disrupting the new University of Nanterre since November 1967 and had founded the Movement of March 22nd. Those interviews took place while the revolt was at its peak: in the last days of May. There are also other documents in the volume, including an interview of Cohn-Bendit by Sartre and various proposals by the three organizations.

*The French Student Revolt: the Leaders Speak*
Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Jean-Pierre Duteuil, Alain Geismar, Jacques Sauvageot
Edited by Hervé Bourges
(Hill & Wang; Cloth $3.95, Paper $1.50)

We by no means get a full picture of the student revolt from this book: many of the activist "groupuscules," especially the multiple pro-Cuban, pro-Chinese and Troskyite factions (who were instrumental in creating links between extremist students and young workers before the explosion), are not even mentioned. Cohn-Bendit's role in the crisis was that of a spectacular, mischievous and nimble Robin Hood, endowed with considerable rhetorical flair; but there were other triggers; UNEF and Snesup were comparatively large and well-known organizations which saw in the battle others had started a great opportunity both to reconcile their factions and to extend their limited influence by taking tough and uncompromising positions. While this book says nothing about the prehistory of the crisis and almost nothing about the role of the Communists during its unfolding, it cannot help showing that even the three groups represented here did not overcome their mutual suspicions.

Despite its partial character it is a useful book, for one thing because it reveals the extent to which the French student revolt was part of a much broader movement of student protest. Many of the themes developed here are familiar to observers of the German, Italian and American scenes: the general refusal of the young to let themselves be adjusted and integrated into a world they didn't make; the more specific complaints against a society that is increasingly meritocratic, technical and governed by imperatives of efficiency; the desire to "contest" this society in order to unmask the myths which sustain it (such as objectivity and academic neutrality) and to shake the authorities that maintain it. But this book also illustrates how each national movement gave to this general drive the shape of its own peculiar concerns. The French student leaders barely mention foreign efforts – indeed they deny the relevance of foreign models to France and proclaim their ignorance of Marcuse. They stress two circumstances characteristic of France alone: first, the crumbling French system of higher education, which is centralized, dominated by the professors, and geared to grueling exams, and the "technocratic" reforms the Gaullist regime had made to contain the flood of new students and to force them to specialize; second, the echoes of many past French protest movements, especially of the 30's, involving a general onslaught on capitalism and the bourgeoisie (now couched in the vocabulary of rejection of the consumer society), the aspiration to a classless society, nostalgia for "total" change – in other words, a resurgence of the traditional style of French protest.

To those observers who had, in recent years, pointed to signs of a disappearance of this style, and of its replacement by a less ideological, more pragmatic approach to social change, the events of last May constitute a huge regression. But even those who find the traditional French style of "total contest" and ideological challenge to have intellectual, moral and political virtues which outweigh its disadvantages could hardly be pleased by what they are offered in this volume. For the student leaders display a flamboyant ideological style devoid of ideology – and they are proud of it. They know what they reject: bourgeois society, its regime, and any reforms that could emanate from it; they know, and say, that the students alone cannot overthrow the existing order. But they have not dealt with the two primary issues for an ideological and revolutionary movement: the nature of the social order called for, and the means with which to create it. In reference to the means, all one finds, beyond the divergences between the three groups (not to mention the fierce hatreds among all the other factions), is a faith in spontaneity, and a distaste for coordination and organization – partly, as Cohn-Bendit makes clear, in reaction against the Communist theory of the revolutionary vanguard. As for the goal, Geismar proclaims that he is not a theoretician, he and Sauvageot speak vaguely about the exercise of power by workers in the places where they work, and Cohn-Bendit's movement talks about abolishing "the very notion of economic labor," the very idea of power, hierarchy and leadership, in terms that sound like a very pale echo of Proudhon.

"The movement will find itself *en route*," said Geismar (he said something slightly different in French, but with the same meaning, and anyhow one has stopped expecting elegant or very accurate translations). As is well known, it did not, precisely because its faith in spontaneous combustion

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transmitted from students to workers was no substitute for a reflection on instruments for revolution, and because its vision of the goal was too poor to serve as a rallying myth in this grand reenactment of Georges Sorel's design. Sometimes, a powerful ideology triumphs despite poor organization; more often, a powerful organization succeeds despite a blurred vision; but to be weak on both counts is to court disaster. Given those weaknesses, disaster was just a matter of time, and the remarkable convergence of Communist tactics and Gaullist strategy brought the movement down sooner instead of later.

Yet the movement is down, not out: whatever its future, it has a present. For it expresses aspirations and grievances which, however contradictory they may be (such as the refusal to accept any restriction to the free entry of students to the universities, combined with the refusal to accept specialization and adaptation to economic needs) are likely to continue, despite the recent reform bill, which merely sets up new structures but fails to define new purposes, a problem which universities face all over the world. Moreover, the movement's own tactics – its rejection of elections, its spurning of co-management, its demand for student power and permanent critique – while they may be unfit for meeting its own goals, are pretty effective for destruction, not only of the old system, but also of the present attempt to build a new one. Men who feel nothing but contempt for the existing social and political order certainly have no sense of responsibility toward it, and no sense of irresponsibility in using such tactics. But revolutionaries are normally responsible to their own ideal and program; and the irresponsibility of the French student leaders comes precisely from their failure to reflect seriously about what they would like to create after the fall of what they abhor. Because of professors who have had time for second thoughts about co-management since last May, and student activists who denounce it as a trap, a reform bill that makes of co-management the cornerstone of the new system and the condition for the newly granted autonomy of academic units risks being caught, in the familiar French vicious circle, between obdurate conservatives and rebels with a cause but also without responsible attitudes.

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# '-Columbia-The Useless Lesson

' Arthur C. Danto

the sour, recriminatory days be-
'een the last police bust at Columbia
d commencement, the witty students
Carman Hall designed a wry game.
owding into someone's room, they
oposed sitting there until their con-
tions were met. Their conditions
ere – that their conditions be met.
he logical hopelessness of rational-
dissolving such an occupation ir-

p *Against the Ivy Wall: A Mystery of the Columbia Crisis*
'y Jerry L. Avorn, Robert Friedman, and members of the staff of the Columbia Daily Spectator
Atheneum; Cloth $6.50, Paper $3.25)

'verently parodied a similar circular-
y of demands in the great forced oc-
upations of April. Amnesty had so
ecome the dominating issue then that
ne could unsympathetically interpret
ne students as engaging in an action
ne primary purpose of which was not
o be penalized for engaging in it.
mnesty was the crux, in part because
he size of the demonstrations was
ransparently disproportionate to the
rievances alleged to occasion them,
ut also because the disproportion was
rrelevant, since not the university but
ociety as a whole was under protest.
he occupation was increasingly
iewed by those who carried it out as
political action in the widest sense,
ranscending the finitude of campus
orizons and entering the high sphere
f human justice and social renais-
ance. To then accept discipline from
ollege administrators who were at
ny rate "illegitimate" would be an in-
olerable reduction of significance, for
he revolutionaries would be changed
back from vanguard warriors of a
sublime social vision into truant school-
boys guilty of highjinks, mere infring-
ers of academic regulation. Heroes
naturally favor death over degradation,
so in the words of this book's authors,
it was "Amnesty or bust."

Ergo bust. For heroes though they may have been in their own indulgent eyes, they were seen by administrators as hellbent, nihilist disrupters, members of a wave so dangerous and large that to yield here was to yield everywhere. Columbia was then the crucial outpost, holding against barbarians. Collapse of authority meant collapse of civilization, since an attack on the university is an attack on civilization. So amnesty was the one condition the administration, locked in its own vision, could not grant. In consequence of the opposed visions, which rendered amnesty categorically non-negotiable, the conflict at Columbia was enacted at the level of sentiment and imagination; and since it was destined, by a disjunctive syllogism, to a violent termination, it became energized from the beginning with an intensity of effect more appropriate to high theater than to life. During the momentous April days, it was as though what happened at Columbia was less an episode in the sweep of student agitation than a mythic embodiment of all the tensions which underlay the world's unrest.

None were more bewildered by illusion than my own comrades in this strife, the Ad Hoc Faculty Group, who saw with the acuity of scholars a vast range of intermediate possibilities where others could see only the blank amnesty-bust disjunction. And so we rushed to fill what proved to be a nonexistent space, attuned to our faith in the efficacy of reason, hoping to light a beacon, as it were, for the sensible termination of all such fights. Both the present book and the Cox Commission Report before it agree that, good intentions notwithstanding, the Ad Hoc Faculty Group, by opposing amnesty *and* bust, prolonged the demonstration and elevated the final violence. Had the police come that first Friday, when in deference to faculty sentiment the administration reversed its decision to request them, the buildings might have been efficiently cleared, there being few bystanders at the time. This is only one of a set of interlocking ironies, in which each party was betrayed through its own virtues. The whole thing was a joust of morally, and hence, of factually hallucinated quixotes, whose individual realities consisted of imagining and wishfulness, each one unaware of his own illusions while demanding realism from the rest. This was the comic underside of whatever tragedy there was.

An event, whose character is in large measure woven out of its interpretation by those who are acting it out, can hardly be understood without internalizing the viewpoints of its agents. Otherwise, their actions appear irrational, when in fact they must be read as perfectly rational, although based on wholly misconceived premises. Faculty believed students were really interested in a negotiated settlement; students believed faculty were being radicalized, and hence were incipient allies; administrators believed a major problem was civil strife between students; everyone believed Harlem would rise to devastate the campus. Nobody, to this day, I believe, has fathomed the exact premises of the black students in Hamilton Hall, as though there were after all a deep truth in their claim that blacks can be understood only by blacks.

Throughout the strife, the reporters of the student newspaper, the *Spectator*, were seeing-eyes to everyone's functional blindnesses: ubiquitous, insomniac, and clear. The present excellent book, a composite enterprise, succeeds brilliantly in occupying the multiple interiority of the event, while disciplining this against the facts. This is the most detailed and coherent narrative of the events we are likely to have: no one person certainly, could have known all corners of the happening as they have been laid open by these dedicated and responsible journalists. The few errors of fact and emphasis I noted are minor disfigurings of the account's overwhelming authenticity. The book displays a fine literary surface, with unexpected touches of irony and dry, deflating wit. And, consistent with the imaginative, almost artistic character of the event itself, the book has virtually the shape of a novel. It begins with a prologue containing President Kirk's April 12 Nihilism speech, and Mark Rudd's April 22 open letter (with its now celebrated embellishment from Leroi Jones – "Up against the wall, motherfucker . . ." – which opened like two crossed

"THE GREAT EXPLORATIONS *are just beginning, and that is why we are confident that the rationalist fervor will subside. The Book of Genesis will be the most satisfactory song to sing on Mars. Then Alpha Centauri, the galaxy, and away! Perhaps when we hear the verses of Genesis from the spiral nebula in Andromeda the original Achiever Himself will cut in and say: Hello, you're singing my song.*"

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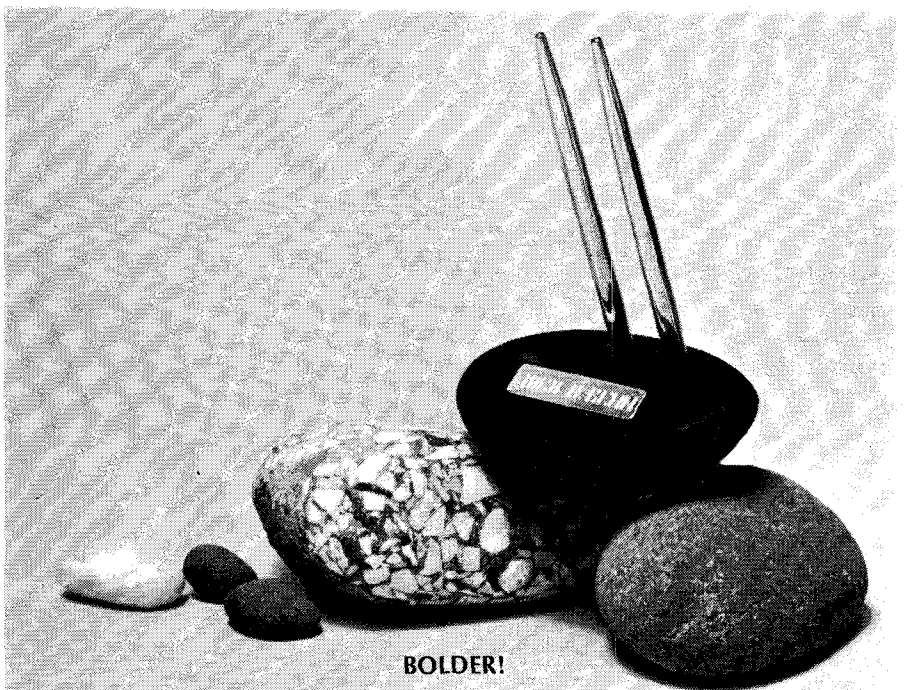
swords a conflict which was to drive both men, finally, from the institution they antithetically epitomized. It ends with students treading a sullen diagonal across the erstwhile grassy South Campus, the rebellious shortest distance between two points.

The account is remarkably objective, though of course there are limits empathy cannot bend. The authors are naturally able to internalize the administration's perspective the least. Kirk appears here as hieratically remote as a Byzantine emperor, acting across an astronomical distance. In fact Kirk was always an aloof and austere individual, whose upper limit of expression fell seriously short of a kind of chill joviality. Here we see him obversely through the telescope of student optics, fundamentally as a wily monopolist of power, who never really acted out of principle or conviction, which of course he did. Faculty mentality is more available, and the radical student mentality even more so. Yet while the student interior is admirably described, the writers are curiously blind, it seems to me, to their exterior, what they looked like to others. With their moral arrogance and sadistic obscenity, flaunting the emblamata of their youth, acting repressively and undemocratically beneath the pious shelter of their rhetoric, and invoking an Old Testament conception of justice, the students appeared to outsiders as sub-hooligan monsters of the New Left underworld. In fact they are gentle, serious, decent persons, moving as individuals, but their revolutionary *persona* explains the straight world's assessment of them, and lost them sympathy, even if it was transparently the guise and weapon of weakness. Whatever bias the book has is due to the fact that administrators are seen mainly from the outside, and students mainly from the inside.

The most impressive section of the book is "The Liberated Life," describing not only the sheer logistics of getting everyone nourished, bedded, mended, and minimally hygienic, but also the spiritual exultation of their living for once in congruity with their own conception of liberation: "Once the old social and intellectual patterns were shattered by the demonstrators, students were eager to create their ow life-designs." How *long* life could hav been tolerated which consisted prima ily in discussion, voting, and *bricolag* is difficult to say, but there was nc time enough for it to turn dull or op pressive, and meanwhile the abrup falling away of constraints and th astonishing ease with which the revo lution was achieved, were intoxicating But the whole air of Columbia was in toxicating then. Fear, frustration, an fatigue notwithstanding, everyon there was functioning at a level o lived intensity he either had forgotte or not yet known, and was moreove acting on the principles which define his life. *Everyone*, in that sense, wa up against some wall. "The differenc for me," my colleague Charlie Parson has said, "is not any longer who i left and who is right, but who wa here and who was not." Whoever wa there was putting something on th line.

Readers will naturally seek explana tions of the crisis, and will want t know whom to blame. They will fin whatever answer they expected, whic is a mark of the book's final honesty There were errors and obduracies on al sides, and differences in scale and di rection could plainly have been made by the proper action or forebearance at the critical moment. But there are no unqualified heroes or villains, and nobody meant it to happen as it did. In a way, it had a life of its own, as though it had for a long time been slouching toward Columbia to be born There was something frighteningly anonymous about the early move ments, where direction would be taken from some hoarse voice from the crowd, articulating the general will. As the book reveals, Rudd had no better idea of what was happening than anyone else; he was a hero trying desperately to integrate with the chorus he was supposed to speak for.

If there is a lesson to be learned, it is that flexibility and compromise, while morally repugnant, are the soul of politics. But given the moral postures of the participants, it is too much to suppose they might have applied so easy a lesson; and if persons of that intelligence could not, it is hard to see how the lesson will be of use to many. Columbia was an ailing university, but not, I think, in any of the ways the students believed; although there is the bare ironic possibility that their misdirected attack was an unwitting therapy, or the beginning of it, grant-

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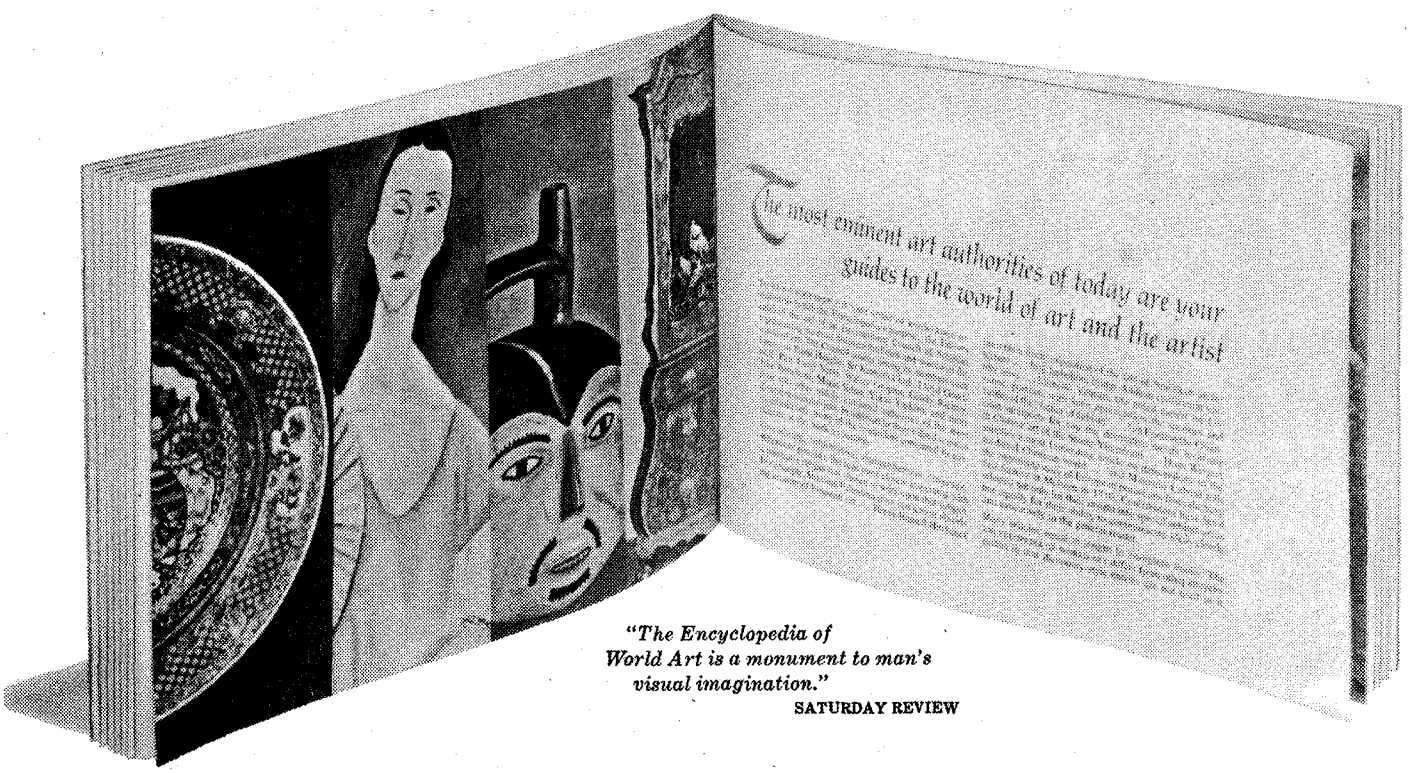


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ing survival. Aside from the intrinsic interest of the event, it is not likely to be of much diagnostic use to anyone either (again something like a work of art). It can never happen again in the way it did happen. There may of course be a ritual reenactment, which would be merely vapid, like a panty-raid. Or else something unlightened by illusion, and hence merely violent.


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# Marxist-Christian Dialogu

*by Bernard Murchland*

Marx's concept of religion is commonly interpreted in light of his general theory of society: that the modes of economic production and exchange determine political and intellectual history. But a reverse interpretation is even more valid. There is ample evidence in his early essays that Christianity was the initial inspiration of Marx's humanism. Later, when he had

*Marxism and Christianity*
by Alasdair MacIntyre
(Schocken Books; $4.50)

come to regard the Christian religion as "one of the most immoral," he still held "the human ground of Christianity" to be the basis of democracy (as in "On the Jewish Question"). Even in the celebrated opium passage he emphasizes the *illusory* character of religion in order to show its real demands. On these bases many commentators have pointed out the eschatological, communal and libertarian parallels between Marxism and Christianity.

The paradox is that Marx's indebtedness to Christianity and his criticism of it both stem from a radical conviction about the perfectibility of human nature. It was the transformative thrust and revolutionary character of *early* Christianity that Marx admired, even though he denounced its later institutional embodiments as forms of alienation. By grounding its ethos beyond history and lending support to the exploitive forces of society, Christianity abdicated responsibility in the historical realm and reified man's intrinsic worth in an other-worldly projection. Nonetheless Marx continued to affirm the kernel of value in even deformed religion, revealing his moral dedication to the dignity and wholeness of man. By reworking the legacy of Hegel and Feuerbach (as well as Strauss and Bauer), Marx was able to actualize religion's positive content: hope, freedom, prophetic judgment, community and transcendence.

This is Alasdair McIntyre's thesis, in this substantially revised edition of a work first published in 1953 as *Marxism: An Interpretation*. Marxism, he says, "shares in good measure both the content and functions of Christianity as an interpretation of human existence." He further sees Marxism as the historical successor of Christianity, "the only systematic doctrine in the modern world that has been able to translate to any important degree the hopes men once expressed, and could not but express, in religious terms . . . the Marxist project remains the only one we have for re-establishing hope as a social virtue."

This positive assessment, however, is mitigated by a realistic sense of present social and political conditions. In 1953 MacIntyre aspired to be both a Christian and a Marxist. He is now much more skeptical about both, more keenly aware that Marxism, like religion, is compromised by regressive tendencies towards deification – whether of persons (Lenin, Stalin), history or Party. With the passage of time, Marxism has become victimized by the same kind of alienating absolutism that characterized religion, and seems doomed to engender degenerate forms of itself. Marx's followers have used him in much the same way as organized religion has used Christ: they have distorted him, speaking much more often in his name than with his voice. MacIntyre summarizes the dilemma in this statement: "We thus find the paradox of Marxists simultaneously repeating the positions of Feuerbach and Marx against religion, while recreating in their own practice the very same religious phenomena with which Feuerbach and Marx were concerned as critics."

How can this tendency towards deification be explained? MacIntyre thinks, correctly, that it comes from the way Marx's philosophy of history has been interpreted; and one of the most interesting chapters in his book is an attempt to construct a satisfying reinterpretation. Scholars have long been puzzled by the ambiguous relationship between Marx's humanism and his theory of the independent dialectical development of history; his belief in personal freedom and in historical determinism. MacIntyre follows Lukacs in suggesting that the interpretation which says Marx believed in the inevitability of the historical process is a result of distortion on the part of Engels (and later Kautsky, Bukharin and Lenin). Engels believed that the transition to socialism was a

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ıatter of scientific predictability, and eated Marx's view of the future as "a t of super-predictions based on the nalysis of the process of history." 1acIntyre rejects this scientism and ffers the hypothesis, more consonant ıith Marx's early humanism, that 1arx left the question of the future pen and said very little about the naure of socialism. Or, more precisely, hat Marx affirmed that the transition o socialism would be a function of ıan's freedom and of a consciously onstructed society. This is not a quesıon of science, MacIntyre notes, but ıne of "a humanistic belief in the ›ossibilities of human nature" with no 'organizational commitments" as to ıow the gap between the future and he present is to be bridged. In this vay, he says, Marx safeguarded the ›rinciple of man's self-determination.

This position has some plausibility. ;ut it doesn't settle the controversy. It ıchieves simplicity at the price of igıoring much that Marx wrote. In the *Manuscripts* and *The Holy Family* (both 1844), as well as *The German Ideology* (1845-46), Marx is rather specific about how communism can overcome man's alienation in relation to political and economic institutions. In *The Holy Family*, for example, there are already references to the autonomous development of history. In the later writings history is increasingly referred to as something independent of human initiative. In *Capital* Marx likens the laws of history to those of nature, and sees them working "with iron necessity towards inevitable results." Man consequently becomes subordinate to a necessitarian force, his actions arbitrated by the ımpersonal "results of history." Marx seems not to have quite succeeded in taming Hegel's absolutism.

Even so, this is only one side of Marx. His thinking is not merely futuristic. Regardless of how he construed the relationship between the present and the future, Marx's humanism and analysis of alienation set a prophetic standard by which present realities can be judged. In a carefully reasoned final chapter, Professor MacIntyre develops this theme. To abandon Marxism, he says, is to abandon "the possibility of any doctrine which connects moral attitudes, beliefs about the past, and future possibilities" and to fall into the liberal assumption that facts and values are two different things. The moral paralysis that results from this dichotomy finds its antidote precisely in Marx's principle of moral integralism: that in discovering the order of things, we also discover our own nature and those ends we can pursue with a minimum of frustration. MacIntyre urges a reconstruction of Marxism in light of this principle. In this way, he hopes, its contemporary corruptions can be eliminated and its energies more positively focused.

Moreover, such a reconstruction would have great importance for present day Christianity. The multiple efforts now afoot to adapt Christianity are misguided, MacIntyre thinks, because to adjust religion to currently prized liberal values is to reduce it to the merely conventional. "The function of religion which consisted in providing a radical criticism of the secular present is lost by those contemporary demythologizers whose goal is to assimilate Christianity to the secular present." This statement cannot be convincingly contested; but we should bear in mind that some demythologizers are concerned with radical criticism. We have recently had some good examples of the prophetic exercise of religious belief.

MacIntyre has written a discerning, and on the whole, solid book. It is in places too tightly written; some points call for more elaboration. Further documentation and an index would also be desirable. But it is a significant contribution to both the emerging Marxist-Christian dialogue and the task of building the future that awaits us all.

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# *High-level Acting*

Cultural time in some ways is like time in the unconscious which, as Freud pointed out, has no tenses, makes no distinctions among past, present and future. The theatre, of all arts the one most subject to the temptation to hang on to what has been accomplished, lives for the most part in an unconsciousness concerning time; new gestures, practices, aesthetic ideologies exist without affecting the main usages of the stage, which goes on according to an arrested calendar, stiff with repetition.

*Jimmy Shine*
by Murray Schisgal
(Brooks Atkinson)
*Hadrian VII*
by Peter Luke
(Helen Hayes)

This is partly a sociological phenomenon, partly a matter of the theatre's impure nature. The main audiences for the stage are caught, by spiritual disposition and the placid gentilities of their education, in a desire for repetition, for reexperiencing what they have already been taken through. And the theatre itself, because it is so burdened with economic reality and so often pieced together as if by a committee, finds it immensely difficult to ascertain what its own soul and proper movements might be at any time, and so settles for what they have been.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the question of acting. That acting, that central pillar of the stage, should even be in question, doesn't of course occur to most theatre persons, who are, by and large, perpetuators, at best revisors or would-be reformers, of the values that rule the theatre's sad, timeless career. And yet acting *is* in question, in all those areas where the theatre is attempting to overcome that deadly kind of timelessness, which is to say the kind that doesn't know what the present is like or where the past has left off or what the future is asking for. Whatever its present quality, all theatre of epic, abstract or nonnarrative impulse, of audience "participation" or physical involvement, of nontextual emphasis, and so on, is repudiating or putting to a heavy test the traditional notions of acting: as impersonation, role-playing, the skillful mining of reality.

These reflections are occasioned by the presence on Broadway right now of a number of performances whose authority and eclat would seem to demonstrate the opposite of what I have just argued. Acting, a look from a certain vantage point might indicate, is flourishing, indeed is in far better health than drama itself. Dustin Hoffman, in Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine*, is wholly supporting a woefully deficient play. Alec McCowen is converting a run-of-the-mill melodrama, Peter Luke's *Hadrian VII*, into a smash hit, and James Earl Jones is rescuing Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope* from the fate of being merely interesting.

I have talked about the latter performance (Oct. 26) and want now talk about the other two and about th place of acting – acting at a very hig level, you understand – in the theat at this moment. To begin with, I don believe that acting can truly "flourish in a moribund theatre, one in whic the dramatic impulse is suffering fro a great many disabilities: the stead grip of convention, the erosion of "dramatic" way of conceiving of e perience, the shift of the best imagin tions to other forms.

An art of many elements, theat swings from time to time among them there have been periods when directin or stage design was the revolutionar thrust and others in which texts, lan guage carried the main impetus towar aesthetic vitality and relevance. Actin too, had at one time to be regenerate but it is significant that when the Mos cow Art Theatre, for example, se about its transformation of actin methods, it had Chekhov's splendi new texts to work with and woul have been unlikely to triumph had i lacked them.

The point is that imaginations out side acting are always needed for it resurrection, which is inseparable fro that of the theatre as a whole. Joh Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" helped change the nature of Britis acting, which had been awaiting th arrival of just such a new task an opportunity to shed its tight breeding and would not have been able to pro pose them by itself. All acting can d in the traditional theatre when dram is in a low state is repeat and refin itself, holding the fort, which is now defending a narrow and more or les barren territory.

Or it can fall back on its perennial temptation to put itself forward in place of what it is supposed to serve, in which case the play is not the thing and an isolate, self-generating and self-justifying activity of personality or "character-building" is. (Which is not at all the same thing as the abandonment of texts by actors attempting to create new forms of occupation of the stage.) This is what I felt was happening in the performances of Hoffman and McCowen. Watching them do their histrionic thing taking account of the differences in their styles – the one broad, personal, casual, the other intricate, subtle, formal – I felt I was witnessing something disconsolate, rootless, work done in a void.

Good work, in McCowen's case brilliant work; had it been bad there

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ould have been no sense of such disnction or of such sterile enterprise. A ıd play badly acted is a whole, a kind fitness, the clear consistent outlines what not to do. But a bad or subanceless play well acted is a murk, ı aching contradiction, a vision of the ying apart of the coherence and inteal purpose that the theatre, if it is ı be an art, has always had to strugle for and whose absence is one cause f the revolts we see.

chisgal's *Jimmy Shine* would not ave lasted a week on Broadway – vhich does have a certain thin comıercial sophistication – despite its auhor's inflated reputation, had not Ioffman agreed to star in it. The play ıas been described by one reviewer as elling us "what youth is thinking today," and this is true . . . if by today ve mean the thirties and by youth Ienry Aldrich. An incredibly naïve vork, lacking wit, insight, language, orce and any kind of revelation, it ells the story of a young man who ets out to be a painter and has then o resist the pressures of a conforming ınd commercial world. The only way I an find to convey the work's absolute ailure of imagination is to say that in t Greenwich Village functions as a hining, mysterious lure, and to quote ı nymphomaniac character: "I can't stop, it's like eating peanuts."

Against this painful nonexistence Hoffman exerts the force of his own existence as an actor, an actor, moreover, who has going for him a newly won status as a culture-hero. Though the script calls for nothing except a generalized and coy "sensitivity" and a species of romantic, outdated disaffection, he manages to place before us his own much more contemporary, tough and original qualities of dissidence and nonconformity, the kind that made his performance in *The Graduate* so affecting. But the work continually closes in on him, and though he holds our ınterest to the end (he is one of those American actors, like Brando, to whom one is riveted by the possibility of unexpected, exactly right moves), he holds it in this case like a juggler at a funeral or a bronco-buster at a pet show: we wonder what he is doing there and what to do with the thing he has performed.

Though *Hadrian VII* is a much more substantial play than *Jimmy Shine*, its substance is that of a nice, well-made, entirely conventional British melodrama with spiritual and humanist pretensions. Based on the book by the turn-of-the-century English eccentric Frederick Rolfe, who sometimes called himself Baron Corvo, the play concerns a Catholic who after having been expelled from a seminary has spent twenty bitter years trying to become a priest. He is suddenly made one and soon afterwards, as the result of political machinations, is made pope. As the fantasy proceeds, the new pontiff, a radical of the stripe of John XXIII (though he lacks that great man's serenity and sweetness; the character in the novel lacked them ever more), shakes the Vatican out of complacency and privilege and is finally martyred, by an angry Irish Protestant. The play, if one can move aside its dominating elements of spectacle and melodrama, is presumably "about" the way in which goodness can coexist with neurosis, faith and the faithful can be at cross-purposes, and other such unremarkable truths.

McCowen's performance deserves all the praise it's been given. Small, sandy-haired, fierce and flexible, he is one of those actors who energetically fashion their domination over the stage instead of bringing it with them in the form of fame, physique or vocal splendor. He squints, scurries, ducks and dodges, breaks into small petulances and towering rages, shows his contempt as well as his agony, his generosity as well as his resentment; the portrait he fashions vividly recommends itself to us.

But as what? A picture without a frame, a floating image; what we see is an immense amount of skill devoted to the creation of a phantom. For the "character" McCowen has so painstakingly created has no milieu, no "place" for the exhibition and unfolding of its fictive life. *Hadrian VII*, having thinned out all complex reality from the novel it bases itself on, and having established nothing new except predictable melodramatic events, is not an imaginative milieu for its leading character but a set of machinery to make him *work*. And seeing him work, admiring his adroitness and inventive-


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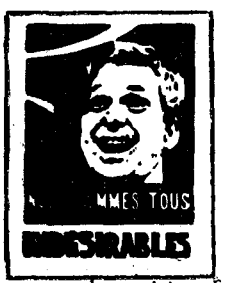

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ness and sangfroid, is like seeing the man in the rope trick; he has been working in air, his passion is in the service of a useless illusion, the world is exactly the same.

RICHARD GILMAN

# Correspondence

## Benefits for Whom?

*Sirs:*

The New Deal is dead; perhaps if the New Dealers would realize this, we wouldn't get sentimental, unexamined proposals of the type offered by Richard Strout, who asks taxpayers to spend $7.3 billion on a plan which would give every child $10 per month.

Under the pretext of "administrative simplicity," Mr. Strout opts for a plan which would give the poor less than 21 cents out of every dollar expended. He claims that "the rich, of course, would pay most of it back in higher income taxes"; but in fact, persons with gross adjusted incomes of $100,000 to $500,000 would keep an average of 42 cents on the dollar. In the $10,000-$15,000 income range, the effective tax rate is less than 21 percent. Families in this range would keep 79 cents of each dollar of benefits. In short, the rich and the well-to-do would get the lion's share of Mr. Strout's children's allowance.

In a world of limitless resources, I would be the last to begrudge another $10 a month for rich kids. But when barely $2 billion a year is reluctantly spent to lift the poor from poverty, can we afford to spend another $5.8 billion on social welfare for the rich?

Mr. Strout concedes that the negative income tax approach would be a more efficient means of fighting poverty, but despite this admission in passing, he doesn't take the time to examine the negative income tax. Contrary to his implication, it is not only the "no income families" who would benefit. Most negative tax plans provide graduated benefits to the working poor, giving incentives for them to earn more, while providing a floor under income. One such plan would give benefits to all four-person families with incomes of less than $4,200 per year, with a minimum income guarantee of $2,100. Benefits to larger families would be proportionally greater. Seven-person families, for example, would be guaranteed an income of $3,600 yearly, and declining assistance until total income reached $7,200.

This plan would cost less than Mr. Strout's children's allowance, but it would guarantee the average family with two children $2,100 a year, while his plan would pay them only $240 a year. Conversely, the negative tax would pay nothing to the $15,000 family. The negative income tax outlined above would eliminate two welfare cases in three, and my view is that Congress is more concerned about finding a way out of the welfare mess than sending the children of the affluent another $10 a month.

*Robert L. Kuttner*
*Washington, D. C.*

*Mr. Kuttner is former Legislative Assistant to Congressman William F. Ryan (D, N.Y.).*

## Friend of Education

*Sirs:*

Readers of Joseph Featherstone's r cent articles on junior schools in Gre Britain (*NR*, December 14 and 2 may be interested to know that American version of these innovati schools is in operation in North Be nington, Vermont. Founded in 1965 b the wives of three Bennington Colle faculty members, one of whom ha been trained in England, the Prospe School now serves as a demonstratio elementary school and (in a small way as a training center for public-scho teachers who wish to introduce ind vidual instruction into their clas rooms. (At present, it admits pupi between five and eleven years of ag whom it accommodates in one hal day kindergarten and three full-tim classes grouped roughly according t age.) From the beginning, the Scho has maintained an extensive progra of educational research, which ha served both to confirm the effective ness of its teachers' methods and t suggest further innovations in the practice. Most important, however, i the fact that (thanks in part to Titl III of the Elementary and Secondar Education Act) the School deliberatel seeks to enroll children from a cross section of the Bennington population in other words, it demonstrates the ef fectiveness of its methods with cul turally disadvantaged children as wel as with those from professional homes (Let no one doubt that Vermont ha its full share of underprivileged chil dren.) We think we have an extraordi nary institution here, which friends o education everywhere should know about.

*Rush Welter*
*The Prospect School*
*Bennington, Vermon*

## Correction

*Sirs:*

In my essay last week ("The Irrepressible World Revolt") an inexplicable slip of the pen caused me to write Ernest Havelock, instead of E. A. Havelock, while identifying the author of the exegesis on Aeschylus Bound, upon which I drew so heavily. The reference is to his brilliant book *The Crucifixion of Intellectual Man* (Beacon Press, 1951).

*Lee Benson*


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**Kauffmann,** *from page 22*

; Yakov Bok is the funniest piece of European" casting since Anthony erkins played Joseph K. in Orson Velles' *The Trial*. It's not merely that ates, as this Russian Jew, has an Engsh accent and face and has no sense f how to *move* like the man he's playg; he cannot make us believe that ve thousand years of Jewish history re simmering inside of him, occasionlly bubbling to the surface in little nomic utterances. If the character vere real, much else might be forgiven.

The story is an attempt to dramatize, hrough the (factually accurate) perseution of an innocent Jew for ritual nurder, something of the inner trength of man and to symbolize omething of one man's suffering for ll men. But, aside from Dirk Bogarde's touching performance as a symathetic Russian lawyer, all I got from the film was a feeling that Frankenheimer thought he had got hold of a hot property, a sure thing, and was busily trying to wring withers. Mine, as the man says in the play, were unwrung.

Maurice Jarre's caterwauling violin music hindered matters further.

*Note.* This is of special interest to residents of the New York area or visitors until April 26th, but it's an occasion worth general comment. Dan Talbot, whose management of the New Yorker Theatre in Manhattan has been a model of intelligence and devotion, has just started a new series of importance. He has selected 15 films, many of them by young men; most of the pictures have never had commercial release in this country, and those that have been exhibited were box-office failures. He will run each film for a full week – with an admission charge of $1 at all times. His purpose is to stimulate audiences; to give a showing to directors who take unconventional paths; to break out of the pattern of hit-or-flop made by high costs and critical barriers. I myself have written cool reviews of two of the films in the series and have seen some of the others with less than boiling enthusiasm. But, as for that, Talbot's ad says: "We think that the films in this series represent some of the novel directions taking place in films today, even though we cannot offer unqualified raves ourselves." (Compare this language with the lush inflation of the New York Film Festival ads written by Richard Roud and others.)

This series is the work of a man who, quite apart from his own preferences, has long been angered by the blocks in the way of adventurous talent, young and not young. I hope that audiences break down the doors of his theatre, to like or to loathe these films but to learn something of what's happening outside the well-grooved channels. Hats off – once again – to Talbot.

## PERSONALS

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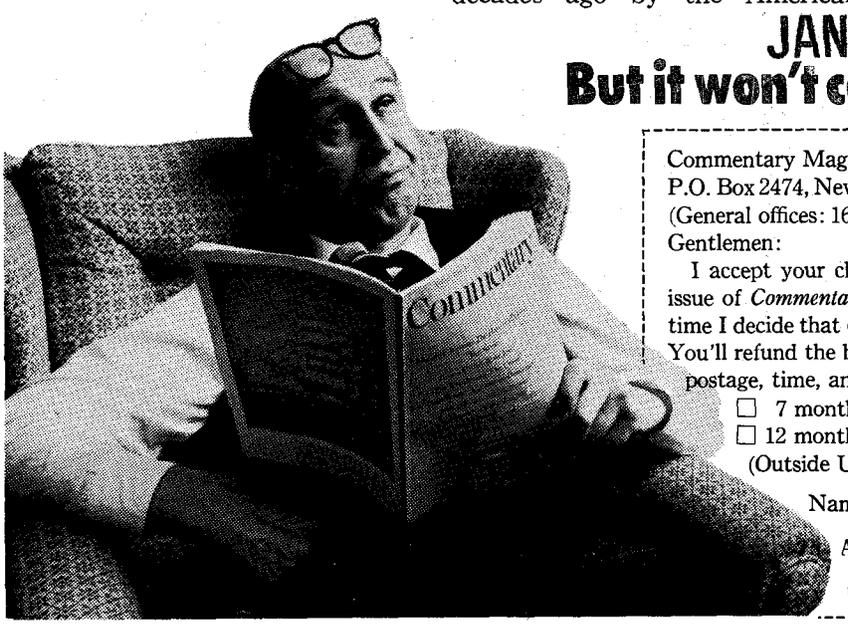


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